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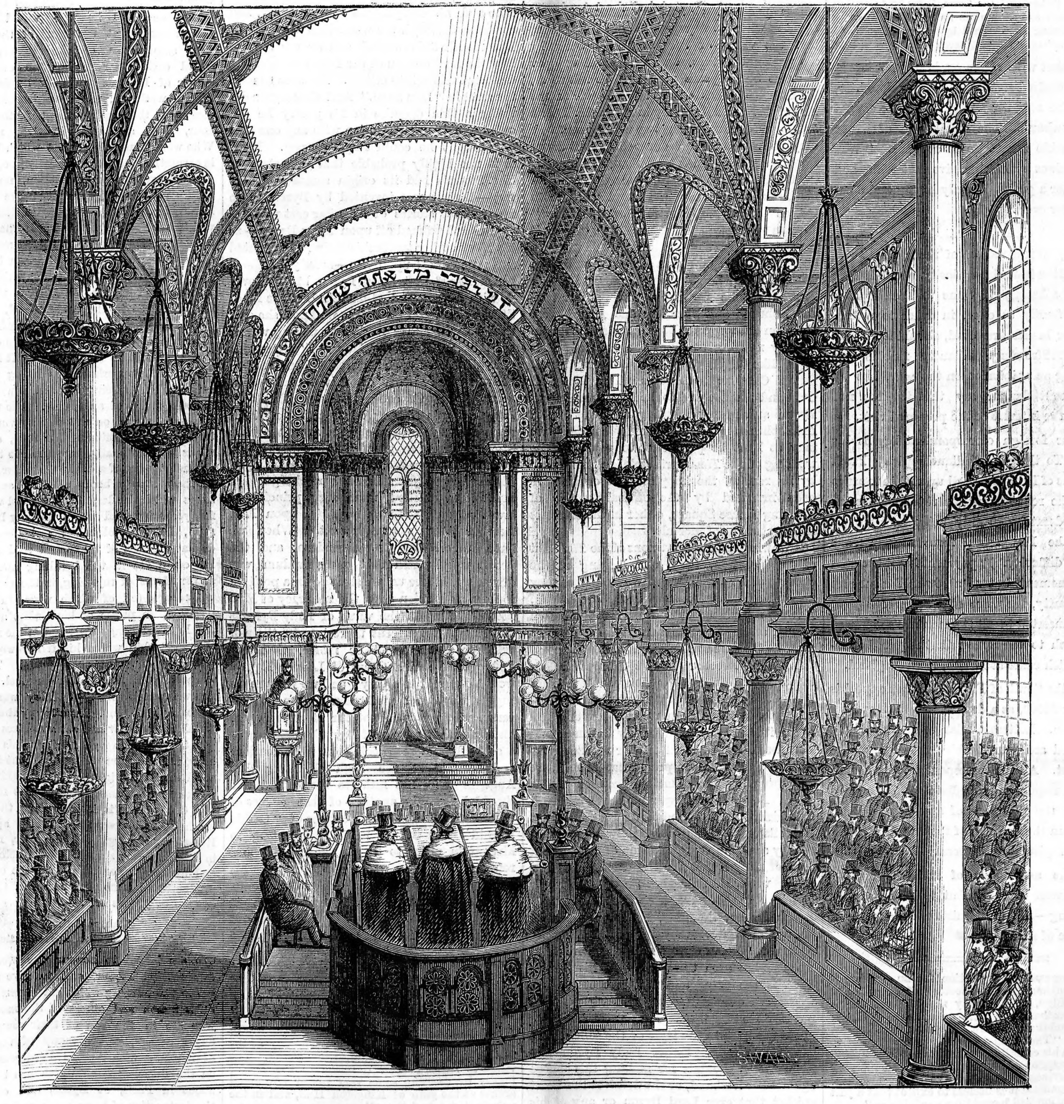
PHILANTHROPY.

Philanthropists, in common with less tender-hearted men, must occasionally have reason to doubt the worthiness and honesty of many of their fellow creatures. As their charitable propensities become known, and their means acquire the reputation of being unlimited, they are beset with applications for relief from all quarters of the globe; begging-letter writers make them the object of the most assiduous attention, addressing them in terms intended to appeal directly to their feelings and "make pity give 'ere charity begins."

Were it not for the tales of real sorrow and distress sometimes revealed in the letters written to public benefactors, the correspondence would be as amusing as it is instructive in the study of human nature.

After a short experience the hand of the professional beggar is easily recognized. He



THE SYNAGOGUE, BIRMINGHAM.—VISIT OF THE CHIEF RABBI. *(See page 19.)*

may take pains to disguise it, but some trifling flaw in his harrowing story will assuredly betray him. He is either too urgent or too impressive, or his references are too carefully prepared. An almost instinctive conviction that he is an impostor will lead you to throw aside his letter if you have read many of the same character.

Some applicants possessing a poetic vein make their requests in verse, taking the metre of the most popular hymns as that in which to sing the praises of the ready giver and the song of their manifold miseries.

English begging-letter writers may be numerous, and remarkable for their boldness and importunity, but they are inferior to their continental brethren, both in their style of writing and the objects for which they ask assistance. During the last few days some strange specimens of a foreign correspondence of this nature have come under our notice. An Italian gentleman of good family, according to his own description of himself, having heard of the liberality of one of our townsmen, addresses him thus:—

> "Excellent and most illustrious Sir!
>
> "People of generous and refined sentiments constitute the glory of the universe, exciting the sympathy, benevolence, gratitude and veneration of all nations. May the munificence which you have displayed, and which is now the topic of the conversation of the world, bring you that inward satisfaction known only to the truly charitable.
>
> May such satisfaction be continued to you, is the humble prayer of an Italian, who, although deprived of the felicity of your personal acquaintance, nevertheless admires and does homage to the inestimable qualities that adorn you,—alas! *Dio buono*, these very qualities open my heart and induce me to hope that I may be numbered among those blessed by your good deeds and invaluable assistance. May Heaven grant my prayer!"

The eloquent writer then explains his wants in the same exalted strain. He has a daughter, of whom he sends a photograph, who cannot find a husband. The small sum of £2000 would enable her to do so at once. "Will the illustrious benefactor give that trifle, and thus render a grateful family happy and comfortable for ever?"

We regret that our limited space prevents us giving a translation of the letter as it stands. It is indeed a curiosity. The Italian promises solemnly to come to Birmingham with his family at once, in order to return thanks for benefits received, should the donation be forthcoming. Gallantry forbids our expressing an opinion upon the *carte*, but we may without danger say that it does not enhance the interest of the proposed visit.

Another foreign correspondent begins his letter, "To the great Philanthropist. From the depths of Hungary I call upon thee to assist me." The requirements in this instance are more moderate, £80 only being necessary to relieve the Hungarian from a temporary financial difficulty. Repayment is not thought of for a moment, but as a reward for such an act of charity, the name of the generous giver shall be inserted in all German newspapers as a reproach to the nation that required assistance which came at length, from England.

From the South of France another appeal is made for £2000, as a deposit to get the writer a situation. Letters similar to those we have mentioned are innumerable; they come in by every post. All the correspondents are unanimous in requiring immediate replies and in ignoring the necessity of any introduction, other than the urgency of their wants, to the philanthropist they address..

To take any notice of such applications would almost be equivalent to indiscriminate almsgiving—the most mistaken use any man can make of riches.

The ironworkers' agitation for an advance of wages continues. At a meeting of delegates at Great Bridge, on Saturday night, it was unanimously resolved to solicit an advance of 1s. per ton for puddling, and 10 per cent. for mill work, &c., and "That each delegate pledges himself to return to his constituents and endeavour to bring about a reunion of the ironworkers, this meeting being convinced that so long as the ironworkers are disorganised it is useless to expect that a just remuneration will be paid for our labours."

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

We are a little too late in the day to offer anything strikingly original in the way of criticism upon what the editor of *Macmillan* very properly calls the appalling accusation against the author of "Childe Harold," which Mrs. Beecher Stowe has put forth in the form of her own haphazard recollections of a chat with Lady Byron, without a single word of consultation either with Lady Byron's grandchildren or her literary executors. But anything that affects the personal character of a man of genius, whose thoughts and whose phrases are in all our hearts and on all our lips, touches the honour of a personal friend; and there is one point of view from which we have not yet seen this accusation looked at by any of our contemporaries, keen and searching as their criticism has been. It is from this point of view that we intend to throw in our word.

Before, however, we say a syllable upon Mrs. Beecher Stowe's charge, we may as well, in a parenthesis, brush aside the suggestion of the *Times* that if this charge be true we must at once shut up our Byron, relegate him to the upper shelves of our bookcases, and close against ourselves one of the richest avenues of English thought and English poetry. This in itself is of course, to speak plainly, simply a stroke of hasty and superficial criticism, but it is an observation based upon what we hold to be a false principle of criticism, a principle which, if consistently carried out, would weed our literature and the literature of France, of Italy, and of America, of some of its purest gems of thought and expression. Test it. Take the most distinguished men of letters, who have enriched the literature of Europe or of America, strike out the works of every one whose personal character cannot be made square with the principle of the *Times*, test the value of every author's work by his personal virtues, and who shall escape? Perhaps Shakespeare may still be left to us, for hitherto he has escaped the hands of the biographers, and lives only in his works. Dante and Petrarch must be shut up with Byron. We may keep Cowper on our tables, but Pope must go with all his point and brilliance; Swift with all his masculine strength and all his humour; "Tom Jones" and "Robinson Crusoe" must share the fate of "Gulliver" and the "Rape of the Lock." Poe's "Raven" must be branded along with Dryden's majestic ode. Milton may perhaps escape by a miracle, unless his wife happen to find a Mrs. Beecher Stowe to take up her quarrel; but rare Ben Johnson and Sheridan and Alfieri must abandon the stage to Boucicault and Brough. We say nothing at all of the classics. Perhaps, like Cæsar, they have been maligned. But if Catullus is to replace Tom Moore, if Ovid and Horace are to be kept open when Byron and Harry Fielding are shut up, if Aristophanes is to live when Pope is dead, we may at least be permitted to say that the working of the *Times*' principle is not, if tested by its results, the happiest that could have been invented by the critical genius of Printing House Square, either in the interests of literature or of mortals.

Throwing these observations of the *Times* out of consideration, then, and looking at the charges of Mrs. Beecher Stowe simply as they affect the personal character of Lord Byron, leaving his poems to stand upon their own merits, and upon those alone, we say at once that, as the case stands at present, we do not think Mrs. Beecher Stowe's charges are entitled to the slightest credence. It is plain upon the face of her statement that she misunderstood Lady Byron upon points of detail where it is impossible that Lady Byron should have been hazy herself in her recollections. But we do not wish to press what Mrs. Stowe may probably think small objections of this kind. Reading her paper in a free and candid spirit, we are bound to assume that what she tells us is, for general purposes, a sufficiently accurate representation of the drift at least of Lady Byron's conversation; that, in a word, what Mrs. Beecher Stowe says Lady Byron thought. What ground had Lady Byron for her thoughts, her suspicions, her dreams, or whatever they were, and for putting forth this hideous charge against her husband when he has been thirty years in his grave? That is the point, and that is the form in which the question sooner or later must be put for investigation. It is useless beating about the bush in the style of the solicitors of the Noel family. Either Lady Byron had some strong grounds for making this charge against her husband, or she deserves the worst epithet that ever Lord Byron or any of his friends applied to her. What were these grounds? "Lord Byron's own acknowledgement to his wife," says Mrs. Beecher Stowe. In writing, in conversation, or how? Alone, or in the presence of witnesses? Explicitly and directly, or allusively? Upon points like these Mrs. Stowe gives us no information. Yet these questions start up at the very threshold of the enquiry, and, in investigating a charge against Lord Byron, they are of a peculiar importance; for everyone who has studied his character with anything like closeness knows that Lord Byron was in the habit, not only in his poetry, but in his correspondence with his friends, frequently in conversation with strangers at a dinner table, and even now and then in his diary—a diary kept only professedly for his own eye—of charging himself, upon the most trifling pretext, with the commission of the darkest and most mysterious crimes. This trait of Byron's has not, in this discussion, received the slightest notice. Yet it forms the key to his character, and in this—what shall we call it?—this inversion of the moral sense, we may possibly have an explanation of the hints and inuendos which Lady Byron, in a moment of suspicion and jealousy, amplified, in her own mind, into the monstrous charge which Mrs. Beecher Stowe has now published to the world. Illustrations of this tendency to self-calumniation meet our eye at every turn in Byron's diary. He is always hinting some impossible crime against himself—noting down now how his sleep has been broken by horrible dreams—like those of Richard—about * * * then explaining how this or that poem was written to keep him from "preying upon his heart," or to drive away thoughts that were too terrible for reflection. Take the first canto of "Childe Harold," and read his gloomy description of the life of his hero and his companions at the abbey, and compare that with the worst that we know of Byron's life at Newstead, and we see at once how the imagination of the Poet coloured and distorted trifles into crimes. He does exactly the same in "Don Juan." And what Byron did under a thin disguise in his poetry he did openly in his conversation with any one that he thought he could impose upon. Now, is it not highly probable that this story of Mrs. Stowe's had its origin somehow in this way—that it was invented by Byron, as so many other stories of a similar cast were invented and palmed off upon Lady Byron—as the story of her mother's death was invented and palmed off upon her—merely to shock her feelings? that Lady Byron brooded over it, with a thousand other things of the kind, till she convinced herself, as we know she did, that he was either mad or something worse, and that the perusal of "Manfred" afterwards strengthened at once her recollections and her belief in the truth of this hideous self-accusation? Of course it is possible that Lady Byron's literary exexcutors may hold some stronger evidence than any that Mrs. Stowe possesses in proof of this charge; but, pending the production of the proofs upon which Lady Byron based her charge, her husband is entitled, upon every principle of law and equity, to an acquittal upon Mrs. Beecher Stowe's arraignment. When we have Lady Byron's memorandum, and the proofs upon which that memorandum was drawn up, before us, we shall be in a position to form an opinion as to the accuracy of Mrs. Stowe and as to the value of Lady Byron's statement. At present there is not a tittle of evidence, either legal or moral, that any Judge sitting in a Court of Law or Equity would even put to a jury; and we venture to suggest, as our contribution to the controversy, whether it is not far more probable, knowing what we do of Byron's tendency to a self-culminative species of mystification, and looking at the high character that Augusta Leigh has hitherto borne, that this should be simply another of those crimes of the imagination which the author of "Childe Harold" was in the habit of imputing to himself in order to deepen the mystery and romance which the world associated with his genius, than that there should be any foundation in fact for the wild and monstrous story which Mrs. Stowe has constructed out of her random recollections of Lady Byron's conversation.

The marriage of Henry Denis Le Marchant, Esq., eldest son of Sir Denis Le Marchant, Bart., with the Hon. Sophia Strutt, eldest daughter of Lord Belper, was solemnized on Tuesday at the parish church of Kingston, near Derby. The villagers showed their devotion to the Belper family by erecting some very pretty triumphal arches at the gate of Kingston Hall, and in the principal street of the village.

ART IN INDUSTRY.

You must live in art if you would excel. Palissy is the ideal potter. Excellence is inseparable from earnestness. The men who have wrought wonderful works to remain corner stones of schools, have been heroes of industry, as well as exceptionally gifted beings. When there is a decline in the art-power of a community, it is traceable not to a loss of knowledge, nor an abatement of mere skill, but to causes lying much deeper in the social body. It may be said of this time, especially in France (with whose actual art predicament I propose to deal), that it is one of vulgarisation, and that the process of vulgarisation has, for a time, stayed the progress of original developement of art. Art-manufacturers are content to take up, patch, fuse, and jumble old styles, being bound chiefly to produce largely and cheaply. The art-workman, who had his own shop at the end of a St. Antoine courtyard, and with a companion and apprentice or two to help him, quietly put a noble piece of cabinet-work together, pausing and thinking over it at his will, and in the twilight smoking his pipe over it, dreamt how he might make it a perfect thing. His breast filled with pride as he pondered his handiwork; consulted authorities in loving care for the thing which his own hands and brain were putting into the world. His entire life was given up to his work, and to the gaining of knowledge for his work. He was a worshipper of science, and skill, and taste, and Gavot or Devoirant reverently clicked his journeyman's cane in the wake of the masterpiece of his craft as it was borne on the fête day upon the shoulders of his companions.

The procession of the trade was grotesque enough in the old time, when the trophies of the carpenter, the joiner, and the baker were carried through the public streets; but there was a meaning, deep and serious, in the show. The quarrels between the Devoirants and the Gavots were bitter and brutal, and lasted through many generations, but he who would understand them must get at the heart of the two great rival associations of skilled workmen, who defied each other so long in every working corner of France. In their heyday the great French workmen, whose achievements are the models of the steam-worked factories to this hour, lived and wrought their masterpieces. Who would understand that which has been lost in earnestness, and consequently in originality, by the new system of production, must read the writings and collections of brave old Agricol Perdiguier. He laments over the little work-shop which was the kingdom of a learned mechanic. Where is the brave spirit of old, he wants to know, which made a man's heart warm to his craft, and exacted technical scholarship from the journeyman? He now perceives the lads who should delight in the trade school, leaning over the billiard table, or laughing and drinking to the rattle of dominoes, and in the demoralizing fumes of absinthe and tobacco. It is an age of pleasure. The workmam is losing pride in his work. Skill is being levelled down. Men are becoming parts of an engine. The wood-carver, who spent a year on a piece that would remain a trophy of the genius of his time, and a proud memory in his family, is reduced to the section of a panel, the leg of a chair, the pillar of a *buffet!* In those strange books of Gavot and Devoirant, songs which the despairing Agricol was issuing a few years ago (and which he may be publishing still), he interpolated his lament over the degenerate sons of the proud trades of France. He could see in the breaking away from the ancient forms of rejoicing, in the cessation of the work songs (all of which were, in their gayest passages, in praise of high aims and pure life, and honour among men), and in the new forms of companionship which his fellow-workmen were adopting, only the shady side. The sons of France were sinking to a lower level. Their art-renown was stationary. They were repeating themselves, and mechanically, by the help of the circular steam saw and other soulless agencies.

Is the old man right? From his stand-point he is, but then he is of the age that is dying out, and he sees only in the circle within which his work was done, and his mind was formed. Our own Cruikshank is looking upon the world still, but he sees us dressed in the stiff apparel of the Regency. So Agricol Perdiguier, remembering in his age all the splendid results achieved by him and his contemporaries under the old *régime* of production, has no patience with the new, and can see only vices in it.

"Ah, me! the vines
That bear such fruit, are proud to stoop with it."

We are bound to honour the weakness that comes from labour, and to give a respectful ear to the warning which old experience utters. Jules Simon and others of the modern school, who are in the van of their country's every day activities, lament many of the old ways of industry wlth Agricol Perdigeur, and dwell on the demoralisation which has been brought about in Paris, at Lyons, and elsewhere by the destruction of home-work, and the gathering together of labour in brigades. I remember that when I was among the Paris wood-carvers four or five years ago, those highly-skilled men talked about their art as in a state of decay, owing to the vulgarisation of it. It was falling to the level of a merely mechanical process, and the workmen were falling with it. The apprentices no longer learned to carve, as in the old days, because the work was so subdivided and parcelled out that a comprehensive knowledge of carving, of art, of ancient models, of the thousand and one delicacies of touch necessary to the author of a complete work in sculptured wood, were of no avail. In the Louvre copyists of the pictures are to be seen, who have spent years copying and re-copying one group, one head, one bunch of flowers to order. They are at the head of Paris art-workmen of the present time. The little workshop is closed, and the spacious factories are everywhere producing art-work, which is carried to the remotest corners of the earth. The grace, and brightness, and marvellous varieties of design which distinguish the artistic nothings—the toys of grown people, known as *Articles Paris* in every market—are born of a people in whom the instinct of art is general. Such bountiful variety in the production of trifles belongs to a cultivated, as well as a light and happy race. When skilled Frenchmen were separated in petty workshops, and each worker was left free to exercise his own ingenuity and taste, astonishing results were given forth. At the present time the poor folk who fashion toys of a hundred shapes out of old cigar boxes and often simple materials, to catch a few five-franc pieces, show remarkable fertility of invention. Every fête day brings out some new conceit in toys. Last 15th of August some ingenious fellow thought peacocks' feathers would sell at a few sous each; how correctly he knew his crowd! These feathers were in every hand before nightfall! Take the confectioners again, whose individuality is not yet destroyed by the massing of their trade. Every winter and every Easter shows fresh minds exercised upon bonbon bags and paschal eggs. The sign painters, again, who are free to make and paint their own designs, show a feeling for art and a grasp of it. The groups of fruit and game which adorn the fronts of fruiterers, *charcutiers*, and estaminets are admirably painted. Pass within the *charcutier's* shop (of which our pork-butcher's is the British equivalent), and behold the taste which encompasses things not in themselves sightly. You may describe the line of beauty with a string of sausages, and so order roast and boiled as to get happy contrast of colour. The French butcher has marble counters and a polished brass front, and does not hack his meat upon the block under the nose of the customer, in our rough fashion. The *estaminet* is the French equivalent for our horrible public-house. In the one, the vice of intemperance loses at least all or nearly all its grossness. Imagine an English workman treating his companion to a little green orange in a sweet liqueur—to a *chinois* in fine. The difference between the progress or development of art as applied to manufactures in the two countries is to be sought hereabouts, before we proceed to contrast the industrial art-teaching which is now in vogue in Paris and London. The superiority which our neighbours have held so long comes, not from a few schools, nor from the creations of a score of designers. French art is in the marrow of the French people. Taste is everywhere. I have often said, compare an English with a French washerwoman; between their work comparison would be preposterous. The *blanchisseuse* is a picture of pretty cleanliness, her cap is a showy trophy of her art. The English washerwoman is a slattern of the coarsest type. The dining-room of Very's, in Regent Street, is a heavy, ugly, comfortless place, which is not to be matched among the poor inhabitants of Paris. Art, in short, pervades every day of a Frenchman's life. All who cater for his pleasures are artists. There is taste in his garret. When the Sunday crowd is passing into the *salon* in the Champs Elysées, the observer is not disgusted with shabby, shapeless imitations of the dress of the rich by the poor. The work-folk wear the dress which is of their station, which is convenient for their work, and to be had good within the range of their means. The work-women are in caps and not in hideous caricatures of the fashions; all are gay and sober. The amusements of all are light and away from drinking-shops, or rather from drunkenness. The French workman is a passionate lover of dancing; this is part of the artist in him. By his pleasures, by the literature he reads in his *sou* paper, by the straw that tickles him, you may find that there are elegances in his mind which show that he has lived in the atmosphere of taste.

If amid this light-hearted, cultivated people, who reverence art and learning before all things, there is now no sign of vigorous originality; if new schools are not cropping up, and if in their shows of art-industry they are not manifesting the presence of great workmen in metal, or pottery, or other material, the cause must be sought for below the surface of the nation's life. France is rich in the art-treasures of her sons, and is living on them handsomely for the present. It would be a pity indeed if scholars so apt should be spoiled by the fierceness of competition, which is leading the manufacturer to vulgarize the art by infinite subdivisions of labour, and the help of machinery. The inquirer will be told in fifty different working quarters of Paris that the grand old figure of the true art-workman is fast disappearing before these times of rapid production, and the leading art-manufacturers are not easy on the subject, as I shall presently show.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE AT BIRMINGHAM.

We take the opportunity afforded by the recent visit of the Chief Rabbi to Birmingham to present our Midland readers with a view of the interior of the Jewish Synagogue in that town. Few excepting those who have been present at a Jewish service can have any idea of its strikingly impressive character. The men wearing their hats throughout the service, the majority having a peculiar kind of scarf thrown over them, and all sitting in the body of the Synagogue; a structure, very much resembling that used elsewhere for orchestral purposes, in the centre of the building; the high pulpit to the right of the altar; and the female portion of the congegation massed together in the gallery, which extends round three sides of the edifice. These component parts resolved into a whole make a remarkably interesting sight, and one which no religionist can behold unimpressed. Into the details of the service there is no need here to enter; in a future paper we may perhaps point out their principal features, in order to remove the misconception which many persons have in regard to them.

On the day of our visit to the Birmingham Synagogue, Saturday, August 21—the Jewish Sabbath—there was an unusually large congregation, owing to the announcement that the Rev. Dr. N. Alder, Chief Rabbi of the United Congregations of the British Empire, would be present and preach the sermon. Every part of the spacious and handsome building was filled with worshippers, and not a few members of other sects were also present. There was nothing of a special character in the service, but we cannot refrain from saying that its vocal portions were excellently performed by the choir of boy-singers, whose voices filled the Synagogue with melody, which to ears unaccustomed to the Hebrew service of praise was especially attractive both for its sweetness and its devotional character. Unaccompanied, and led by one male voice, these little Hebrew singers chanted their songs of praise to the Creator with a reverence and heartiness which might be well imitated by the choristers of other Churches.

The Chief Rabbi's sermon was remarkable for the entirely unsectarian spirit which pervaded it. Affectionate, very earnest, and full of that wisdom which never obtrudes itself unnecessarily, the venerable preacher's address might almost have been delivered in any church and to any congregation. Addressing them, to use his own impressive language, as a father would speak to his children, the Chief Rabbi, reminding his flock that they were approaching the holy season of their Church, dwelt at length upon the wholesome truth that of all losses they could sustain none was more grievous than the loss of the soul's purity, the forfeiting of their soul's salvation. How they could restore the soul's purity was next clearly and affectionately pointed out; a rigid observance of the Sabbath being especially urged upon them with all the eloqueuce of which Dr. Alder is master. In the second principal head of his discourss, the Chief Rabbi made a forcible appeal to his co-religionists to devote themselves with zeal and love to the study of the Hebrew tongue. Upon this theme—which to the preacher, as could be easily seen, was one of particular interest—the Chief Rabbi dwelt lovingly; reminding his hearers that Hebrew was the language of the Holy Law. To use his own appropriate simile, Hebrew was "like a flame which is attached to the coal;" it was to be revered for its antiquity; and it was called "the Holy language" because "it is the tongue in which the Lord revealed Himself on Sinai, the tongue in which the Prophets spoke, the tongue of fire in which the Psalmists sung the hymns which at all times 'touched the heart-strings of maidens;' and it was the Holy language because it was in all prayer." No translation could reproduce its fire, its poetic vigour; it was not, like other ancient languages, dead, but living—living, "because it is that tie which links a nation together." In his subsequent remarks the Chief Rabbi exhorted his hearers to do deeds of charity, and concluded: "Try to restore your soul's purity and its salvation, so that when the sun sets, when the evening of your life shall come, the Lord shall find your soul as pure as He has placed it from the day of your birth. Try that your soul shall be pure, so that when the evening comes you may enter into the highest realms, where there is no separation—where there is no death nor farewell—that place where you shall enjoy rest for all time."

Ascending the reading-desk, the Chief Rabbi, taking the scroll of the Law in his hand, proceeded to offer the following beautiful prayer, which is remarkable for its catholicity;—

"He who dispenseth salvation unto kings and dominion unto princes; whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom; who delivered His servant David from the destructive sword; who maketh a way in the sea, and a path through the mighty waters;—may He bless, preserve, guard, assist, exalt, and highly aggrandize our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria and all the Royal Family. May the supreme King of kings through His infinite mercy preserve their life and deliver them from all manner of trouble and danger. Subdue nations under her feet; cause her enemies to fall before her; and cause her to prosper in all her undertakings. May the Supreme King of kings exalt and highly aggrandize her, and grant her long and prosperously to reign. May the Supreme King of kings, through His infinite mercy, incline her heart and the hearts of her counsellors and nobles with benevolence towards us and all Israel. In her days and in ours may Egypt be saved and Israel dwell in safety, and may the Redeemer come unto Zion. May this be His gracious will. And let us say, Amen."

Not the least impressive portion of the service was the sight of the Chief Rabbi blessing the congregation after the sermon, old and young crowding round the venerable gentlemen for that purpose.

On the following day (Sunday) the Chief Rabbi was entertained at a banquet at the Masonic Hall, which was attended by the principal members of the Jewish religion in Birmingham. Mr. J. Emanuel presided, and amongst the speakers were the Chief Rabbi, the Chairman, the Rev. G. J. Emanuel, B.A., (the Minister of the Synagogue,) Mr. M. J. Rothschild, Mr. Jacob Phillips, Mr. Saul Samuel, Dr. M. Zyons, Mr. B. L. Joseph, Mr. Michael Lavis, Mr. Alfred Jacob, Mr. A. S. Blanckensee, Mr. A. Danziger, Mr. M. Moses, Mr. Marcus Adler, M.A., (the Chief Rabbi's son,) and Mr. Walter Myers.

The Chief Rabbi, who is a Hanoverian, and is held in the highest esteem and veneration for his piety, learning, and charity, left Birmingham on the Monday following, his visit having given the utmost gratification to his people, and taking with him their most sincere prayers, as contained in an address presented to him, that he may long be spared to exercise the high office with which he is vested, "for the elevation of our ancient faith and people, and the consequent glorification of the Most High."

Our illustration represents the interior of the Synagogue during the sermon of the Chief Rabbi.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The young Duke of Norfolk has just given £1,000 to the funds of the Infirmary at Sheffield.

Of 12,708 persons who are on the burgess list of Bolton, 1,561 are women.

Sir Roderick Murchison has published his opinion that he has faith in the safety of Dr. Livingstone.

The Viceregal tour through the West of Ireland progresses pleasantly, the Lord-Lieutenant and Countess Spencer being everywhere warmly received.

The eight men taken into custody on suspicion of having had some connection with Mr. Hunter's murder were brought before the coroner at the inquest, but no evidence being produceable against them they were discharged. A reward fund has been commenced.

A dreadful suicide took place on Friday on the Edgware and Highgate branch of the Great Northern Railway, near Crouch-End. Mr. Houghton, engaged in the Customs, left his two children in the road, ran on to the line, and placing himself before a train was killed; the occurrence being witnessed by his children.

The Hon. Mrs. Ward, who, with her husband the Hon. Captain Ward, was visiting the Earl of Rosse, was last week riding at Parsonstown in a steam carriage, built by Lord Rosse, when she fell off and died in a few minutes. Her husband was in the carriage when the melancholy accident happened.

A domestic servant living at Torrisholme, near Lancaster, took a quantity of vermin powder last week and died in an hour afterwards. She was grieved because her sweetheart would not have the banns published when he promised to do so.

Mr. Peabody has given 60,000 dollars to the trustees of Washington College, Virginia, for the purpose of establishing an additional professorship as recently proposed by General Lee, the president of the College. The health of Mr. Peabody is said to be very much improved.

William Dixon was executed at Winchester on Monday morning for the murder of Corporal Brett, at Aldershot. The noose being adjusted, the bolt was drawn, and the unhappy man, who hardly made a struggle, died almost instantaneously. A black flag was hoisted on the prison gate as the drop fell, and remained there for an hour, but not more than fifty persons were outside the gaol.

Mr. Mechi, in a letter to the *Times*, states that his wheat crops will probably average 44 bushels per acre. His first threshing has yielded within a fraction of 48 bushels per acre of white wheat, and sold at 51s. per quarter.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: It is now confidently asserted that in addition to closing Woolwich and Deptford dockyards the government has decided on the abolition of Sheerness as a naval establishment as soon as the requisite arrangements connected with the change can be carried out. The only dockyards and naval establishments which will thus be retained are those of Chatham, Portsmouth, Devonport, and Pembroke.

On Friday night a destructive fire broke out at Messrs. Day and Martin's blacking warehouse, Holborn. As the stores of blacking were successively attacked they gave out brilliant flames, which shot up with extraordinary vividness against the starlit sky. The calmness of the night assisted the firemen in preventing the fire from spreading to any considerable extent, and those who sympathize with the feeling of Thackeray which made him declare that if he were being carted to Tyburn he should ask the driver to let him stop and have a last look at Woodgate's window will be glad to know that that *omnium gatherum* was apparently never in danger. The fire was confined to Day and Martin's central store.

Another appalling disaster occurred on Monday at Plymouth, Pennsylvania, in the coal region of Avondale. The colliery had not been in use for some time, on account of the labourers (some 200 in number) being on strike, but they resumed work on Monday, when a shaft more than 300 feet deep caught fire at the bottom, from the ventilating furnace timbers being dry. In a few moments the entire shaft and buildings above were in flames. The fire continued for some hours, and rubbish fell down and choked the shaft. Two hundred and two men and boys who were in the mine are believed to have been suffocated. Great distress is manifested at the pit mouth, which is surrounded by hundreds of weeping relations. Efforts have been made to force air down the shaft by a steam fan. An attempt is also being made to effect an entrance to the colliery from an adjacent colliery by drilling a hole from one gallery to another. Nothing is yet known of the unhappy persons inside, but all are believed to be dead.

The *Morning Post* understands that Mr. Reed is to be the new Comptroller of the Navy.

The election enquiries at Bridgwater and Beverley are still proceeding. The evidence discloses a shocking state of political corruption.

There was another open-air demonstration on Sunday in the quiet and fashionable watering-place of Bray, in favour of the release of the Fenian convicts. It was estimated that 15,000 or 20,000—all of the trades or farm-labouring classes—were present. The bands, wearing green badges, followed by large crowds, paraded the streets all day, but there was no other disturbance. The resolutions were of the usual kind. Some of the processionists wore green and orange.

The Swindon magistrates on Thursday fined a man named Wright £1 or a fortnight's imprisonment for trying to overthrow a velocipede on which a person was riding. He paid the money.

A porter, named William Hallas, 23 years of age, employed at the Halifax and Huddersfield Bank, absconded on Friday, taking with him over £200, it is said, in notes belonging to various banks in the district.

Advices have been received at New York from Hayti announcing that Salnave has been defeated, and badly wounded, at Aux Cayes. He is said to be preparing to abandon the contest. The Cacos have captured Gonaives.

Cardinal Cullen has ordered a special three days' thanksgiving in the Dublin chapels for the "putting an end to ascendancy" by the Legislature.

The alarming reports spread on Monday on the Bourse respecting the health of the Emperor are declared to be completely inaccurate. The Emperor passes a portion of the morning dictating as usual, to M. Conti, his private secretary.

By the Overland Mail, which arrived in London late on Monday night, we have the melancholy news of another massacre of our troops in New Zealand by the Maories. The *New Zealand Herald's* correspondent writes: "In my last I mentioned that an expedition was about starting from Fort Galatea for Taupo, to select a line of road to that place, which expedition appears to have started, and comprised Colonel St. John, Major A. C., Major Cummings, A. C., Captain Moorsom, T.V.C., Lieutenant Clarke, T. V. C., Captain St. George, and some sixteen non-commissioned officers and privates of the cavalry. It would seem that a halt was made at Opepe, near Taupo, and the officers before named went onward; it may be presumed, at all events, they had left Opepe, our men remaining there. The Maories came, introduced themselves in a friendly manner, and our poor fellows not being sufficiently on their guard were cruelly butchered. In this catastrophe Mr. Gill, of the Resident Magistrate's Court, has lost an only son, a youth of great promise; Mr. Bedois has lost two sons; and Mr. Fairfax Johnstone one. It is a noticeable fact, and should be recorded, that none of the bodies were mutilated. It is now pretty well understood that the massacre of our troopers may be almost solely attributed to our folly in liberating Hauhau prisoners on whom hung the slightest suspicion."

By the Cape Mail, which arrived at Plymouth on Monday, we have the extraordinary intelligence that a warrant had been issued against Dr. Twells, Bishop of Orange Free State, charged with committing an undiscussable offence. The bishop was absent on a visitation tour to the Transvaal, and his friends asked the public to suspend their judgment until the case had been heard. His chaplain, who has been closely associated with his daily life for years, speaks with the utmost confidence of the bishop's perfect innocence.

A most singular case is reported from the Channel Islands. A drapery firm in Jersey the other day received a large case supposed to contain drapery goods. On its being opened, however, it was found to contain a full-sized coffin. Great consternation was, of course, created by this unexpected circumstance. The mystery was, however, partly explained by the appearance of an undertaker; who had received information of the strange arrival, and had orders to inter it, for which purpose a hearse was procured and it was taken away. The explanation given was that the coffin contained the corpse of an English gentleman who died in Ireland several years ago and was buried there. His relatives afterwards went to live at Jersey, where they still remain. Fearing that one of the effects of the Act for the disestablishment of the Irish Church would be the destruction of the churches and graveyards, the relatives resolved to remove the corpse of the deceased, and lay it where there would be no fear of its being disturbed by any process of disestablishment. Before this could be accomplished, however, the demand of a third party had to be satisfied. The case in which the coffin was brought over (in one of the boats belonging to the London and South Western Railway Company) was entered as "sundries," and charged freight and paid for as such. On the report of the contents of the case reaching the ears of the agent of the company he proceeded to where the coffin was lying, and demanded the full freight for a corpse—about £10—threatening to detain the corpse unless the money were paid. After some demur a guarantee was given for the payment, and the interment took place.

WATERWORKS FOR JERSEY.

Those who know the beautiful island of Jersey must be acquainted with the necessity for a pure and complete water supply. In St. Helier, the capital and principal port, this is a want peculiarly and painfully felt. Water is everywhere as necessary for sanitary purposes as for drinking. At St. Helier the wells barely supply what is required for the most urgent uses. The common demands of the housewife and the scavenger cannot be met. What has been done for so many important towns in England is now proposed to be done for St. Helier by a Company. The wonder is that Jersey has not had waterworks long ago. There cannot be a doubt about the scheme which is announced in our columns this week being with fair management highly successful, both as regards pecuniary profit to the shareholders and benefit to the Island. The scheme is one of commercial as well as sanitary importance, and it has our best wishes for its success.

THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.

An infamous traitor
Gasping for breath,
One brief instant later
Shot down to death.

Let no false sympathy
Pity his fate.
Horrent antipathy
Spurn him with hate!

Look at the misery
Caused by his treachery!
Faith in her truthfulness,
Tenderly cherished,
Since her bright youthfulness,
Blighted and perished.

Home, titles, and honour,
Gold, treasures heaped on her—
Her name in the world,
In one wild volition,
Headlong to perdition
All recklessly hurl'd.

In impious security,
Defiling love's purity,
He sat by her side;
Wilily muttering
Words, whose base uttering,
God's Edicts defied.

Man's good hospitality,
With blackest rascality
Was outraged to scorn.

Alas! for the vanity
Of poor humanity
He ever was born.

But justice retributive,
Lets no wrong-doer live
Long in his lust;
Virtue forsaking him,
Vengeance o'ertaking him,
Smote him to dust.

" Die, dastardly hound!
" Stand back! lest I dash thee,
" Like him, to the ground—
" Stand back!
———— Could I torture him,
" As I can slaughter him,
" Then should he die.
" Slowly a thousand times,
" Both he and I."

" Oh, mercy! oh, mercy! oh spare him!" she cries;
The maddened avenger in fury replies:
" *I spare him?* The earth is defiled where he trod!"

* * * * * * * *

She pleads now in silence for mercy to God.

Thus justice retributive,
Lets no wrong doers live
Long in their lust;
Virtue forsaking him,
Vengeance o'ertaking him,
Smote him to dust.

WALTER MAYNARD.

THE MIDLANDS AND THE FACTORIES' ACT.

To legislate for the working classes has always been a task of considerable difficulty, and Parliament did wisely in making every possible enquiry into the condition of our manufacturing population before putting into operation the Act relating to Factories. There was considerable difference of opinion as to the probable working of this measure, designed solely on behalf and in the interests of that vast class who earn their daily bread, not only by the sweat of their brow, but by the exercise of great mechanical powers, and unceasing industry. That many thousands of these workpeople—men, women, boys, and girls—have been overtasked to an enormous extent is too well known to be dwelt upon. How the position of those in the Midland district is altered and improved by the working of the new Act is detailed by Mr. Robert Baker and Mr. Alexander Redgrave in a Blue Book recently published. Confining our attention to Mr. Baker's report, as intimately concerning this district, we find the Inspector referring to certain statements made by Mr. Alderman Sadler at, Birmingham. That gentleman affirmed that "the result of the Factory Act had been to turn thousands of children out of employment . . . These children went into the streets. They were told that the Factory Act was an educational measure. Truly; but what kind of an education did it give? The children were not allowed to be employed in the manufactories more than half their time; the other half the law said they should go to school. But there was no school to take them to, and, of course, no penalties could be imposed if they did not go. So, instead of going to school, they idled in the streets. In his opinion, the Legislature ought to have provided schools before shutting the children out of employment, so that there could be no excuse for them staying away. The following table sets forth the number of children under 16 who had been before the magistrates in 1867 and 1868, and showing the increase that had taken place:—

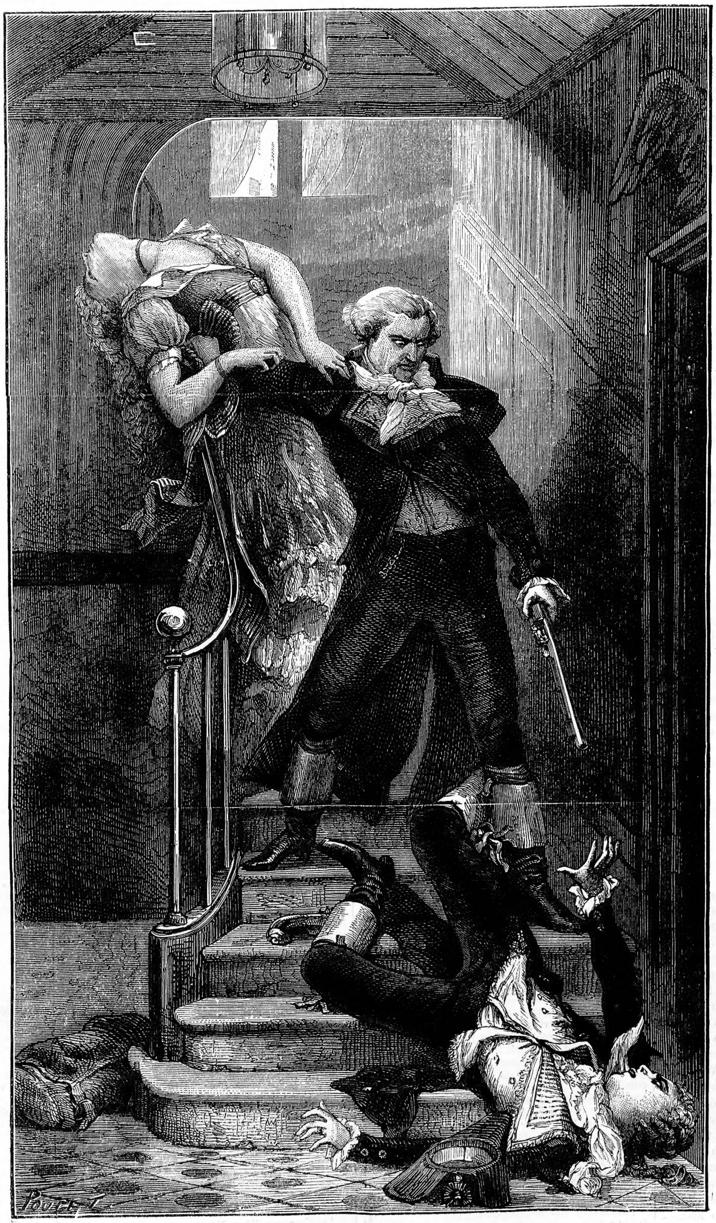
	1867.	1868.	Increase	Per cent.
Felony	349	427	22	22
Misdemeanour	217	425	218	100
Drunkenness	7	10	3	
Vagrancy	174	329	155	89
Not been at work ...	367	590	323	120
Been at work	470	601	131	28
Total under 16 years	747	1,191	444	60
Total under 13 years	341	548	207	60

This assertion is disputed by Mr. Baker, who, after examining this table says, the corollary is "that it has not been the Factory Act, but the want of it, which has produced this extreme necessity for magisterial interference." As neither "the Factory Act, 1867, nor the Workshops' Act, were passed till August, 1867, and did not come into operation till the 1st of January, 1868, we may dismiss from this record of Mr. Sadler's any charge made against either of these Acts as to their producing any part of the 747 offenders, criminal and social, quoted in his table, in 1867; but it remains as proof of the immoral and unsocial condition of the Birmingham juvenile population before the Factory Act had attempted to introduce education amongst them, and 'when there was no school to take them to.'" Mr. Baker shows that up to July, 1870, no children need have been turned into the streets unless they were under eleven years of age; "and only then during the latter part of the year of Mr. Sadler's increment." The Inspector also quotes against Mr. Sadler the statement by Mr. Jesse Collings, of Birmingham, "that out of 45,000 children in Birmingham there were 21,696 wandering about the streets, neither at school nor at work; and that 26,000 could neither read nor write; and that as to schools, there were now between 9,000 and 10,000 vacancies which could be filled up and were not." The Act has done good service in one respect, if it could be credited with no other benefit: it has enabled many children to attend night schools, and receive such education as will fit them for something better than the godless, half-savage creatures they were.

Mr. Baker gives some interesting figures relating to this part of the subject. He tells us that "in Birmingham proper, for example, in the year ending January 1, 1867, the number of young persons attending night-schools, of both sexes, was 1,317, on the average; but this number had increased at the close of December, 1868, to 2,000, being an increase of 51·8 per cent., and it was anticipated that this year it would be still further increased to 3,000. In like manner in the South Staffordshire and Worcestershire districts, at the close of 1867, the number of both sexes attending night-school in the former was 912, which increased at the close of 1868 to 1,225; and in the latter from 342 to 796, of whom 278 are females. The report also of the Midland Institute in 1868 showed 'that owing probably to the early closing of manufactories, the classes had been much better attended, and the penny arithmetic classes had been so overcrowded that numbers were obliged to be refused for want of room.' Under all these facts, being examples only, and not all that might be said on the subject, there appears no reason to doubt the efficiency of the Factory Acts to accomplish their work in the education of the operative classes."

Where the half-time system has been tried, it has succeeded admirably. Mr. Baker has made great efforts to get the Hours of Labour Regulation Act into operation in the district. Up till now, however, his well-intentioned endeavours have been only partially successful. We earnestly hope that in a short time the Act will be generally administered.

Mr. Baker complains of the language of the Birmingham Town Council on this subject; and we see by the *Post* that the Birmingham Trades' Council, on Friday, adopted a memorial to the Council, "praying that the Workshop's Act might be put in force." At their meeting it was stated that there are hundreds of workshops in Birmingham which are free, without any kind of legal supervision, to compete with the manufactories that are governed by the factory Acts, and in those workshops children are overworked, and are without the means of education. Another speaker (Mr. McRae) said there were children in Birmingham working in diry dens from six o'clock in the morning till nine at night. After this, the corporation of the chief town in the Midlands will probably give the matter the attention it deserves, and which is expected from them.



THE HUSBAND'S RETURN.—*PAINTED BY VICTOR GIRAUD.*

MINERS' CONFERENCE AT DUDLEY.

The miners of North and Staffordshire and East Worcestershire opened the conference on Monday at Dudley About 60 delegates were present, representing all the leading collieries in the three counties. The congress is the result of an agitation for the better regulation of mines, whereby miners' lives may be protected. The reduction of the working hours is another point on which the men are desirous of effecting a change. Mr. Pickard, Wigan, represented the Lancashire miners. Mr. Breakswell, agent for the miners of the district, presided. The programme included such questions as "Hours of labour;" "Dangers of the mines;" "Wages;" "The uneducated condition of miners;" "Amalgamation of the miners of Great Britain." The chairman, in an introductory address, reviewed the grievances of the miners. The dangers attending the working of the thick coal were, he said, much greater than need be, and annually a great number of lives were lost. Men were allowed to work without sufficient timber to protect themselves. The disposal of the Hartley Colliery balance was not giving satisfaction to the miners. They wished it to go to a fund for their widows and orphans. The chairman urged the great need of better education among the miners, who had to attribute some of their greatest disadvantages to the want of education. A long discussion took place on the hours of labour question. Twelve hours a day is the rule in Staffordshire, and a strong and unanimous feeling was expressed againt these hours. It was resolved, "That a memorial be got up and presented to the masters, asking them to agree to a reduction of two hours a day in the mines—making ten hours a day; that the memorial be presented in time to be returned by the masters before the first Monday in October."

The following resolutions were also carried:—"That this conference considers the inspection of mines at the present time inadequate, and is of opinion that an additional number of inspectors should be appointed, with practical men as sub-inspectors." "That the system of charters and of working half days is bad, and that the masters be solicited to discontinue it." A resolution was passed calling upon the masters to introduce the tonnage system as soon as possible, and urging that the measurement should be 20 cwt. to one ton. The changes contemplated by the miners will exercise considerable influence on the coal trade, if carried into effect. Some anxiety is felt by the employers in view of the near approach of quarter day with these matters unsettled.

The conference held its second and concluding meeting on Tuesday, when "The utility of amalgamation among the miners of Great Britain" was discussed. It was resolved that amalgamation was necessary. Mr. Pickard (Lancashire) suggested "agitation," for "the union was wanted;" and the conference were apparently with him in that view. The position of the nailers was also discussed, and it was resolved—"to take back to our constituencies the story of the nailers' condition, and pledge ourselves to do all we can to assist them in their arduous struggle."

Mr. Green has been elected President of the Birmingham Trades' Council for the remainder of this year, in the place of Mr. Boodle, resigned.

BYRON'S HOME AND GRAVE.

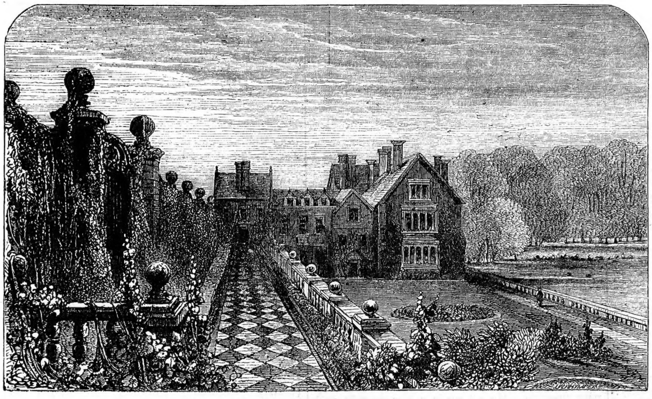
Those who have wept over "The Prisoner of Chillon," who have followed the varying fortunes of Conrad the Corsair, or have been made merry by the humour of "Don Juan," will like to know something about the home and the last resting-place of the famous poet, against whom Mrs. Stowe has just brought so horrible a charge. Our artist has selected for illustration Byron's home, Newstead Abbey, with its splendid grounds and broad terrace, and Hucknall church, in which rest the remains of the poet-lord of Newstead. The entrance to Newstead Abbey is on the high road leading from Mansfield to Nottingham, about four miles from the former town. Lord Byron succeeded to the fine estate of Newstead when he was only six years old, and here he passed the happiest hours of his life. When he was quite a child he was an adept at swimming and rowing, and the visitor requires very little imagination to picture the young poet rambling through the grounds, or rowing and swimming about the lake with only his faithful dog Boatswain as a companion. Byron's attachment to his dog was so profound that when Boatswain died his master erected a monument to his memory, and wrote an inscription in which all the young lord's love for his dog is shown. "Pass on," wrote the boy-poet; "the urn honours none you wish to mourn:—

> To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
> I never knew but one,—and here he lies."

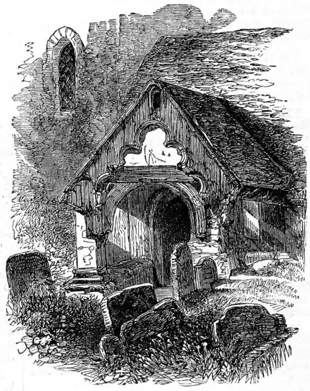
These Nottinghamshire woodlands are truly charming. But the Abbey itself possesses the greatest interest for the visitor. Every piece of furniture in what was Byron's bedroom remains just as the poet left it. There is the bedstead, with gilded coronets; the poet's well-loved pictures of his college at the University, the portraits of Murray, his valet, and the noted pugilist "Gentleman Jackson;" near an oriel window are his writing-table, inkstand, and other relics, all enchaining the beholder of to-day as he gazes on these inanimate memorials of the past. The reader will hardly want to be told that Newstead Abbey was one of those numerous edifices founded by King Henry as some atonement for the ruthless murder of Thomas à Beckett. The place has witnessed stirring events: it is full of old memories. You can imagine the cowled monks pacing the shady walks in the noonday sun. Byron himself must have strolled about the park hardly less full of thought than his monkish predecessors. Like some of his poetic heroes, he loved and his love was not returned. He became gloomy, almost desperate; and he flew to the Muses for solace.

> "There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
> Which none but poets know."

Here, again, he was unsuccessful, his poems were a failure. This "drove him to the verge of madness; his mind and conduct were entirely metamorphosed; naturally mirthful, he became suddenly melancholy; he shunned, despised, and hated every one." So he went abroad for three years. In 1815 he married the only daughter of Sir Ralph Noel Milbank; and almost directly after the birth of his first child there was a separation. Through his subsequent career we need not follow him now. He died at Missolonghi, April 19th, 1824, at the age of 37, and his body was brought to England and buried in the same vault as his daughter, Lady Lovelace, in Hucknall village church, of which a faithful sketch is here given. A slab of white marble on the south wall records his death, and there is also the torn and faded silken escutcheon which bore the Byron arms.



NEWSTEAD ABBEY.



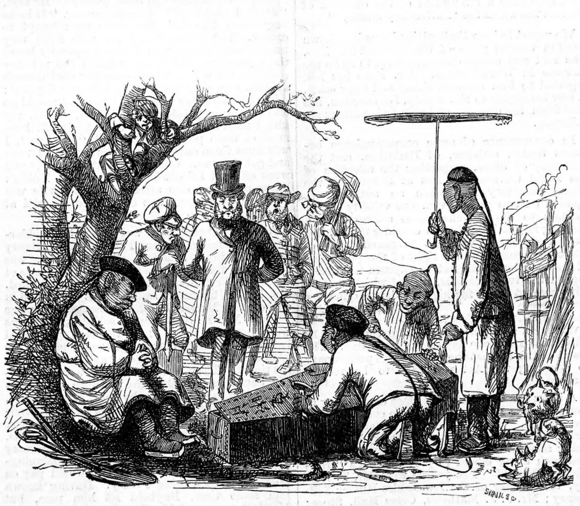
BYRON'S GRAVE.

A fatal case of choleraic diarrhœa has occurred at Kidderminster. The deceased was a man 57 years of age, and the attack to which he succumbed is attributed partly to the weather and partly to defective drainage.

PACKING UP A DEAD CHINAMAN.

The Chinese have many curious customs. They disinter men of rank who die abroad three years after burial. A writer who was at the Australian gold fields, at Castlemaine, tells a remarkable story in *Once a Week* of a case which came under his notice. He says he was startled by a paragraph in one of the local papers, stating that the Chinese diggers had made a formal application to the authorities for leave to exhume the remains of a mandarin who had died some three years ago. The newspaper notice went on to say that the body was exhumed in the presence of the coroner and the parish sexton. Owing to the security of the coffin and the dry nature of the soil, the body was found in a state of wonderful preservation. It was removed from the coffin, all the skin, remaining flesh, and integuments were carefully scraped away with knives, and the skeleton was submitted to the action of fire, until burned or calcined (for the bones appeared beautifully pure and white); they were then broken into short lengths—every particular bone—even the very skull was so broken up that it was difficult to make out the several component parts afterwards. These bones were then deposited in a wooden box about two feet long by one broad, and about one foot in depth, and lined throughout with white satin. There I saw them on my visit to the cemetery. The box lay on a table in the tool-house at the cemetery gates. It was really hard to say which was whiter, the white satin or the white calcined bone heaped up within it. Although thoroughly burned, none of the integral structure of the bone was destroyed, and the spongy texture of the heads of the thigh bones, &c., presented a really beautiful appearance. In a corner of this wooden funeral urn—if I may be pardoned for the bull—lay a small octagonal tin box marked "matches," and the manufacturer would have stared in amazement if he could only have foreseen its ultimate contents and destiny. The sexton gave me permission to open it and examine its contents. I did so, and I must confess my astonishment was quite as great as I could have fancied that of the tin match-box maker, could he only have peeped over my shoulder as I opened the lid. I had heard of silver urns before, containing hearts and so forth; but a tin match-box with *such* a lining was a matter I was little prepared for. On lifting the lid, I found within all the teeth and finger nails of the deceased celestial which had been drawn out and off respectively, previous to being dried. The nails, it would appear, which were of the most absurd length, and more resembling the talons of some huge pterodactyle than anything else I can compare them to, were here encased as *vouchers* for his rank and station. None but the lower orders in China wearing short nails, these are obliged to do as we do—*cut them*, in order to be able to work for their daily bread. The sexton was, however, unable to enlighten my ignorance in the matter of the teeth, but I have no doubt there must have been some reason for boxing them up so carefully.

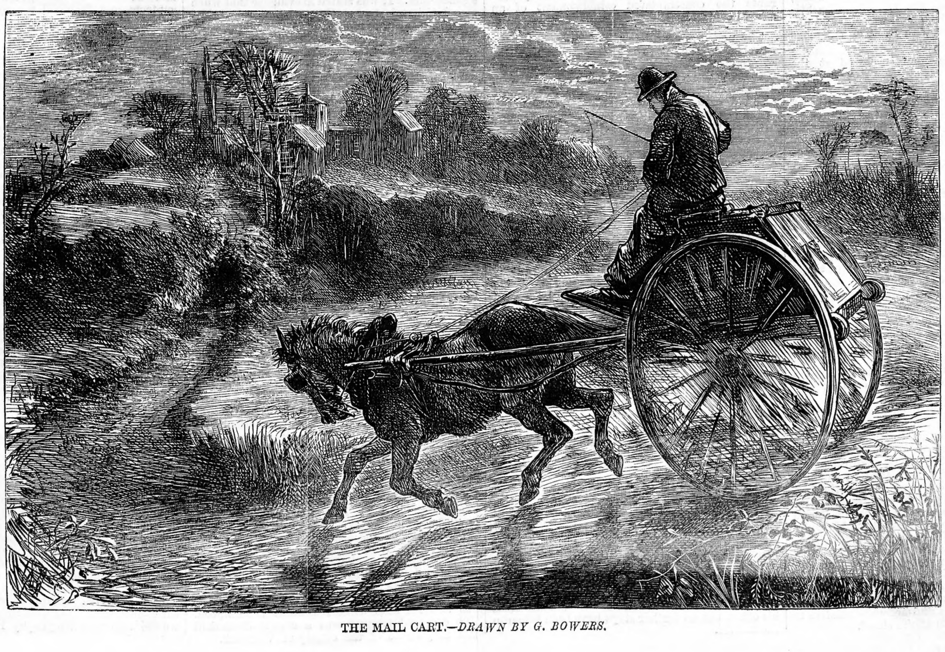
Our illustration is a characteristic sketch by the famous *Punch* artist G. Du Maurier, representing the ceremony of packing up the dead mandarin for his last home in China. It is satisfactory to know that the strange parcel was duly delivered, and that the remains now repose in the family vault.



PACKING UP A DEAD CHINAMAN.—*BY G. DU MAURIER.*

Church Furniture Extraordinary.—The church furniture and appliances in some of the churches in the Cumberland lake district are apparently of a very primitive character. It transpired in Carlisle Consistory Court the other day that in Lorton parish church, in the picturesque vale of Lorton, well known to the tourist, the plate upon which the communion bread was put was a child's halfpenny tin plate; the chalice was a pewter jug only fit for a beer-house, and might be identified as one of the same kind, and the cup was a child's drinking cup, and was as thin as an egg shall, and would contain about a quarter of a pint. The church is now about to be repaired and renovated, and these curious specimens of communion plate will be replaced by a silver service.

Lord Lyttelton was on Friday presented with an address from a number of his neighbours upon his recent marriage. Captain Walker, Mr. B. Brooks, and Mr. E. Stringer attended at Hagley Hall, for the purpose of making the presentation, which consisted of an illuminated address, enclosed in a handsome casket.



THE MAIL CART.—*DRAWN BY G. BOWERS.*

NEWS OF THE MIDLANDS.

Diarrhæa prevails extensively amongst children in Birmingham.

On Friday last, six shearling rams, from the flock of R. F. Hall, Esq., of West Firsby, left the Lincoln station on their way to Australia.

At the Burslem Police Court on Tuesday several persons were fined 1s. for keeping petroleum without a license.

The Prince of Wales is expected to visit Chester some time next month, to inaugurate the new Town Hall.

The proposal to hold a Working Man's Exhibition at Worcester has been abandoned for the present, owing to the slight interest taken in the affair by the artisan classes.

The Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Fenny Compton, Warwickshire, and the Independent Chapel, Tunstall, Staffordshire, are now duly registered for the solemnization of marriages therein.

The election of Town Commissioner for Bilston, Stourbridge, and other places in the district, has just taken place. Unusual quietude marked the elections.

Up to last week the total number of visitors to the Wolverhampton Exhibition, an illustration of which we gave last week, had reached 130,841, including 8,590 school children.

It is expected that the estate of Messrs. Wheely and Co., ironmasters, of Stourbridge, will pay another dividend of about 5s. in the pound, making a total of 15s. in the pound.

The Sheffield Culter's Feast took place on Thursday evening sennight. Mr. Roebuck was present, and in the course of his speech highly eulogised the volunteer force of the country.

It is believed that the guarantees of Worcertershire Agricultural Society will have to pay from £250 to £300 to make up the deficiency in the receipts at their Exhibition at Worcester last week.

It is stated at Oxford that Dr. Scott will be Dr. Wilberforce's successor. The *Standard* says he is one of the first Greek scholars of the age, is an admirable theologian, and has had much parish experience.

The Wolverhampto magistrates on Friday ordered Mr. J. Harris to pay the costs of an information (£2) laid against him for building a slaughter-house without giving the corporation notice of his intention to do so.

William Evans Bradley, aged seventeen, was drowned whilst bathing in the Derwent, at Derby, on Saturday afternoon. When the alarm was given the youth's father was one of the first to enter the river, but he was not aware at the time that it was his son.

Charles Payne, a filer of Birmingham, hung himself on Sunday. He had been very low for the past three weeks, and had shown signs of insanity. For some time past he had had been very restless at night, sometimes praying in an excited and delirious way. Several relatives had been insane.

Harvest Thanksgiving Services are becoming general. They have been held at Coalbrookdale, Pull Court, near Tewkesbury, and other places. At Pull Court, the residence of Mr. Dowdeswell, M.P., several parishes united, as usual, and the result was a very large and merry gathering.

James Kelly, a Wolverhampton boy, is to be added, in the opinion of the stipendiary of that town, to "the number of victims of racing." He had stolen some music belonging to his master, Mr. Hayward, and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

At the annual licensing meeting for the Northfield division of Worcestershire, held at King's Heath on Friday, the magistrates refused to grant the application of Mr. Beck, Great Western Inn, Acock's Green, for a license, chiefly owing to a brass band performing there on Sundays and week-days. The application will, however, be reconsidered next week.

On Tuesday, at the Bilston Police Court, before the Stipendiary (Mr. I. Spooner), George Williams summoned Mr. H. W. H. Smith, of Penn, for wages amounting to £20 17s. 6d. The Stipendiary said that as the amout was £20 and upwards he could not deal with it. The summons was, therefore, withdrawn.

William Minkley, a man employed at the Staveley Works, has constructed for himself, during his leisure hours, a family velocipede. The machine is said to be capable of carrying himself, his wife, and family—four of them—and is very strongly built. A new velocipede is being patented in Paris, which is to throw all others into the shade. It has five wheels, and the motive power is communicated to it by the mere weight of the riders.

On Tuesday, at the weekly meeting of the Board of Governours of the South Staffordshire Hospital, the report showed that the patients in the wards now number eighty-six; that during the week twelve emergencies and three ordinary cases had been received and as many discharged, whilst seventy-one casualties and fifty-nine ticket cases had been treated as out-patients.

On Monday night a man named Turner, who lived at Etruria, near Hanley railway station, committed suicide by cutting his throat. He had been to Rudyard, and on returning got some drink. On going home he had a quarrel with his wife, and became much excited. In the presence of his wife and another woman, he got a razor and cut his throat, death ensuing immediately.

Two rather large failures have recently occurred in the Midland district—those of Messrs. Head, Brown & Co., of Kidderminster, and Mr. T. B. Worth, carpet manufacturer, of Stourport, Worcestershire. At a meeting of the creditors of the former firm, on Tuesday, Mr. Head was unable to produce the guarantee stipulated at the last meeting, but said he hoped to be prepared with it in a few days. It was arranged that he should make an assignment to Mr. Lea, M.P., Mr. John Humphries, and Mr. W. Penney; but if the guarantee was found by next Friday no steps will be taken by the assignees in regard to realization of the estate. Messrs. Patten and Parkes, accountants, of Birmingham and Kidderminster, have been appointed by Mr. T. B. Worth's assignees to investigate his books and accounts relative to the position in which his affairs stand.

The tribe of Epping Forest Gipsies who have been travelling through the Midland counties are now at Derby.

The health of the Bishop of Lichfield continues to improve, and his lordship has during the week been able to take carriage exercise.

The will of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Jasper Selwyn, one of the Judges of the Court of Appeal who died on the 11th ult., has been sworn under £100,000 persoality.

On the extensive shootings of Mr. Bass, E.P., at Tulcham Lodge, nearly 500 brace of grouse have been killed this year, which is more than was shot there during the last two years.

Susannah Doberty, aged 10, has died at the general hospital, Birmingham, from the effects of sulphuric acid, which she had inadvertently swallowed.

Charles Godsby, a clerk at the Midland Railway Station at Derby, has been sent to the Michleover Lunatic Asylum. He had made frequent attempts to commit suicide.

John Barber of Willenhall, was getting poisoned fish out of a colliery snag on Monday, when he was seized with cramp and drowned.

Mr. Dixon, M.P., has been re-elected President of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce. Mr. T. Lloyd (chairman) and Mr. J. S. Wright are to represent the Council of the Chamber at the opening of the Suez Canal in November, as the guests of the Viceroy of Egypt.

The Bishop of Worcester has licensed the Rev. J. G. Ewing to the incumbency of St. Gabriel's, Birmingham; and the Rev. F. Keatch to the incumbency of Blackheath.

A young man named Coxon, of Derby, was drowned while bathing at New Brighton last week. His struggles for life were seen by several persons, who were "so paralyzed with fear" that they could render no assistance.

A considerable number of persons have left Whitwick, Derbyshire, for the Mormon country. The *Derby Mercury* is "sorry to say that Whitwick continues a stronghold of the disciples of the sect known as the 'Latter-Day Saints.'"

We regret to hear that cattle plague has shown itself in various parts of the Midland Counties. The foot and mouth disease appears to be on the increase in Warwickshire. Mr. Rose has had reported to him between thirty and forty cases. A cow belonging to Mr. Bishop, Leamington, has died from the disease, and about nine others are suffering.

In consequence of some correspondence between Slater, solicitor, of Darlaston, and the Secretary of State, respecting the adoption of the Local Government Act at Darlaston,, the Home Secretary has taken an authoritative opinion on two points, viz., the validity of the petition to the churchwardens asking that a meeting might be called to consider the subject (which document was not prepared by professional hands), and the right of the promoters of the adoption of the Act to adjourn the meeting on the two occasions, one of which was an adjournment for a fortnight and the other for nearly a like period. The Home Secretary states that the petition calling the first meeting was not a valid one, and that the meeting could only be adjourned from one day to the next day. The result of this is, that the proceedings preliminary to adopting the Act will have to be recommenced.

A brass band contest took place on Monday at Porthill, near Burslem, limited to county volunteer bands. Only four bands entered—Kidsgrove, Tunstall, Longton, and Hanley 1st.—each being allowed to play two of its own selections, and each being bound to play Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." The judges were Mr, T. Batley, bandmaster of the Lancashire Hussar Yeomanry; Mr. J. J. Mathews, Cotes Hall, Stoee; and the Rev. C. A. Barker, Chesterton. The judges awarded the prizes as follows: First, £10, Hanley; second, £5, Longton; third, £2 10s., Kidsgrove. £1 10s., collected on the ground as a consolation prize, was handed to the Tunstall band. The attendance was large, and fully warrants the contemplated establishment of an annual contest.

The police appear determined to carry out the new beer-house Act to the letter. On Tuesday, at the Wednesbury Petty Sessions, Samuel Grringer, James Bagnall, William Stanway, Joseph Robinson, and Edward Dooley, were charged with an offence against the New Act. A beer-house-keeper, of Bell Street (Daniel Wilkes), was fined on the previous Tuesday 1s. and costs for selling at illegal hours, and the defendants were charged as customers on the occasion. The Clerk explained that upon the conviction of a publican, "any person other than the servants or inmates present in such house at such time shall, unless he accounts for his presence to the satisfaction of the Justices, be liable on summary conviction to a penalty not exceeding 40s. for each offence." Grainger, who was the only defendant proved to have been drinking on the Sunday morning in question, the others being merely his companions in the yard of the beerhouse, was fined 2s. 6d. and costs.

Drunkenness appears to be a prolific cause of crime at Hanley. The other day the stipendary magistrate stated in the police court that not a single case had come before him on that occasion but had originated in drunkenness. Breaches of the peace, street disturbances, assaults on the police and felonies, had all been traced to drunken habits, which unfortunately were but too prevalent in that district.

At the meeting of the Shrewsbury Finance Committee, on Friday, it was announced that Mr. Thomas Clune, sub-inspector for the borough, had misappropriated sums amounting to over £70, the property of the Corporation. It is stated that he was in the habit of receiving moneys from parties in the town for flagging and other work, done for them by the men employed by the corporation, for which he has failed to account. This he communicated to a gentleman engaged in the town clerk's office, and an inquiry was at once instituted. It appears that he had no authority to receive moneys on the part of the Corporation, but the public were not aware of that fact. He has been suspended from his office, but no further steps have been taken in the matter.

The Bazaar at the Birmingham Town Hall, on the 21st inst. in aid of Bishop Ryder's Ragged and Infant Schools, promises to be a very successful affair. It deserves all possible support and encouragement.

The Fourth Battalion of Staffordshire Rifle Volunteers were inspected at Wolverhampton on Monday, by Colonel Deshon, Assistant Inspector of Reserve forces for the Midland Counties. There were 562 men present, and the inspecting officer said he should make a favourable report. He thought Wolverhampton ought to have a battalion of its own.

At the Birmingham Theatre Royal this week Mr. Russell's Covent Garden Company, whose performances we noticed last week, have repeated Offenbach's sparkling musical extravaganza "The Grand Duchess" every evening. The piece has been received with the same unqualified manifestations of approbation that signalised its first production at Birmingham, the very amusing song and chorus in the last act being received with always a double and sometimes a triple encore. To-night (Saturday) the last representation of the "Grand Duchess" will be given, to the regret of many of the *habitués*.

John Mynott was charged on Tuesday at the Sawston (Cambridgeshire) police court with attempting to murder his wife, Jane Myuott, on the 23rd ult. Urban Skipper, a baker, residing in the house next to the Mynott's at Sawston, said,—On the morning of the 23rd, about a quarter before eleven, I was in my own house, in the act of taking some bread out of a basket, when I heard a gun fired in the yard, which is common to both houses. I immediately went out, and saw Mrs. Mynott lying on the ground. She was screaming, and bleeding from the head. I turned my head and saw the prisoner; he was standing on the doorstep, or near it, with a doubled-barrelled gun in his hand. He discharged the second barrel, and the smoke went straight upwards. The gun fell from his hands and he fell down. I rushed up and seized him. He appeared in a very nervous state. He got up in a few seconds, and I said, "What have you done, John?" He said, "Have I shot her?" I made answer, "It looks very much like it." He made no attempt to escape. The prisoner and his wife lived very uncomfortably together. I have frequently heard them jangling, but I never heard the prisoner threaten his wife.—There were 120 shot wounds in Mrs. Mynott's head. The prisoner deposed: After breakfast my wife asked me if I would go and get some potatoes up. I said, "Yes, my girl, I shall take that gun, or the birds will have most of them plums." She said, "Very well, I will have them down in the afternoon." I went and got the gun. Going out of the door the gun went off, and I don't know any more. I didn't know anything else after I saw my wife was down.—The prisoner was committed for trial at the assizes.

A very unusual case was before the Kidderminster magistrates on Friday. Mr. Henry Saunders, jun., solicitor, of that town, was summoned for an offence against the bye-laws of the Great Western Railway. Mr. Corbet defended. Mr. Young, barrister, said he was instructed in this case by Messrs. Bentley to support a charge against Mr. H. Saunders, a solicitor, who was well-known to all of them, for having travelled between Birmingham and Kidderminster on the 24th July, and not producing and delivering up his ticket. The facts of the case were these:—Mr. Saunders arrived on the platform at Kidderminster on the 24th July, by the 5.32 p.m. train. Upon his arrival, and at the time he was intending to go off the company's premises an officer named Raybold, who was collecting tickets, demanded Mr. Saunders's ticket in the ordinary way. Mr. Saunders said he came from Birmingham, that he had no ticket but would pay on Monday, it then being Friday. Having known him some time, Raybold let him pass, but Monday came, and Mr. Saunders did not pay his fare, and no payment of the fare had been offered or tendered up to this time. The company could not make distinctions between one person and another, and finding this sort of thing had occurred, they had no alternative but to proceed against him. It was stated in evidence that when the Kidderminster station master asked Mr. Saunders for the money, the defendant said, "How much is it? I'll pay you," adding, after putting his hand into his pocket, "No, I won't." The fare, second-class, was 2s. 6d. For the defence, Mr. Corbet said the Bench could not come to the conclusion that there was any attempt to defraud, for Mr. Saunders stated to the ticket collector that he had no ticket, that he came from Birmingham by the train, and that he would pay on Monday. The company had summoned Mr. Saunders for an impossibility, for not having a ticket he could not deliver it up. The affair simply amounted to a debt. The Bench said they considered Mr. Saunders had committed an offence in leaving the station without having delivered his ticket, and they should fine him 5s. and costs. Mr. Corbet applied for a case, which the Bench refused to grant.

Sir Trevor Wheler, Bart., of Wellesbourne Hastings, Warwickshire, one of the few remaining Waterloo veterans, died at Limerick House, Leamington, on Monday. Sir Trevor was born in 1792, and was therefore 77 years of age. He was educated at Rugby and the Royal Military College, Marlow, Bucks, and entered the 16th Light Dragoons in 1808. He served with his regiment during the Peninsular campaign, and was present at the battles of Fuentes d'Onore, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, and Nieve. He then exchanged into the 5th Dragoon Guards, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. He attained the rank of major (unattached) in 1829, and was lieut.-colonel of the North Devon Mounted Rifles from 1851 to 1862. Sir Trevor, who succeeded his father in 1830, was twice married—in 1817 to Lucy, only daughter of George Dandridge, Esq., of the Commandery, Worcester; and in 1865 to Frances, second daughter of the Rev. William Carus Wilson, of Casterton, Westmoreland, and widow of the Rev. Jocelyn Willey, of Cambles Court, Yorkshire, who survives him. Sir Trevor leaves two surviving daughters by his first wife, and is succeeded in the baronetcy by Major-General Francis Wheler, C.B., of the Bengal Army, who has also for some time resided at Leamington. The deceased baronet was a deputy-lieutenant and magistrate of the county of Warwick.

NOTES ON THE JOURNALS.

You can imagine the indignation of Addison or Steele, even in their days of venality, had they found in their letter-bag one morning a note asking them, in consideration say, of twenty guineas, to extol the singing of a new vocalist, or the merits of a new actor. The old pressmen would have indited, not a furious, but a smoothly sarcastic essay for their journals, and bade the town beware of such scamps. It is happily seldom, though this is the age of puffing, that we have to comment upon a case of this description; the *Times*, however, has been obliged to put its foot down heavily upon a man named Barclay, who endeavoured to "get at" the leading journal's critic at the Norwich Festival last week. The *Times* appended the following note to its report of the festival alluded to: "Mr. Barclay, who gives no address, except London, and who has insulted our musical reporter at Norwich by writing him a letter enclosing £20 in notes, in order to influence his criticism on some of the performances at the festival, is desired to call at our office for those notes, which will be delivered to him after he has described them, and given their numbers and his address." Of course "Mr. Barclay" did not call at Printing House Square as requested; though he was weak enough to try to win over the reporter, he was not fool enough to face the indignant editor. This pillorying in the *Times* of Mr. Barclay may be a lesson to other persons of his class, who, entirely forgetful of a writer's obligations to the public, stupidly think the offer of a money bribe irresistible.

Why will our girls and women tight lace? Because, they say, it gives them an elegant figure. This may be their opinion, men think differently. The "human form divine" was never intended to be strapped and laced until breathing becomes difficult, and premature agedness a certainty. The subject is receiving some attention in the journals. One fair correspondent, who signs herself "Not a Girl of the Period," pronounces tight lacing "extremely pleasant." Another, who adopts the signature "Anti-Slavery," wonders "what sort of flesh and blood, body and bones, are possessed by 'Not a Girl of the Period,' to enable her to find tight-lacing 'extremely pleasant?'" and says she could not wish for her "worst enemy a more severe punishment than the suffering thus caused." When crinoline was the fashion, this love of lacing decreased, but with the abolition of many skirts and looped dresses it is more than ever indulged in. We had a suspicion that the fashionable "bend" had its origin in tight lacing, but "Anti-Slavery says "it is the high heels of the period which throw the whole figure forward, and oblige the wearers to stoop," and she further affirms that "it is as uncomfortable to stoop when encased in the armour of stays as it would be difficult for a soldier to rest his chin upon his breast." If any additional proof were wanting of the insanity of this practice, we have it in the *Lancet*, which avers that a very large number of distressing female ailments, over and beyond the derangements of digestion and circulation, result solely from tight lacing. What more is wanted to convince those who adopt the practice complained of that they are ruining health and storing up future misery by this slavish bowing down before and adherence to Fashion? Fashion! forsooth. It is a veritable snake in the grass. Let our wives and sisters emancipate themselves from its fetters as soon as may be.

This is the quiet, the dull, the silly season—what you will. Therefore it is the time to discuss small matters. The *Times* wants the Herald's College rehabilitated: the *Pall Mall Gazette* would like to see "the silly farce" abolished. The young men of the *Telegraph* are riding no special hobby-horse, but some of their smart penmen are sending over lively accounts of their journeyings in foreign lands. One treated us the other day to a notice of the Hospice of St. Bernard, and dwelt rapturously on the merits of the monks who have their home on the bleak mountain-side. Another gossips of Baden, always a fertile theme; and a third gives us some interesting notes on the Prussian army. Here at home we are driven into a corner for subjects, and thankful for small mercies in the way of gossip. We are not particular what it is—only let it be something. We can even afford to bestow thought and type and printer's ink upon things so humble as butterflies, which, as well as moths, have been very scarce this year in England and in many places on the Continent. Indeed, the common cabbage butterfly (says a horticultural serial) has been "quite a rarity," to the great gain of the crops, which the caterpillars of butterflies are prone to ravage. The authority referred to thinks the winter killed the butterflies. "The high temperature of the winter months probably brought to life many broods of eggs when there was no vegetation to support the larvæ, and the very low temperature of the late spring months may have killed out millions of the newly hatched and starving creatures. Hard winters do not appear to be particularly fatal to insect life, for we commonly see myriads of butterflies and moths and other insects in seasons following such winters. But mild winters may be bad for them, by preventing the complete torpidity of the pupæ, and by bringing eggs to life at a time when food is scarce and the temperature inconstant.

Now that the international boat race has dropped aside we have leisure to turn to the newspaper paragrahs relating to a distinguishing feature of the contest—the time that it occupied in transmitting the result to America. Our cousins were as anxious as ourselves, and they had the intelligence flashed across the Atlantic to them by the English cable in twelve minutes! In New York it was known that the Harvard crew were beaten at "four minutes past one" o'clock in the afternoon, the race not being rowed until "five" o'clock. This is putting a girdle round the world with a vengeance. The explanation is, that time at New York is more than four hours ahead of Greenwich time. It took only one minute to send the despatch from Valentia to Newfoundland; at the former place the result was known in three minutes after the race! One hour and one minute were occupied in transmitting the news by the French cable, beyond the twelve minutes taken by the English cable-operators. Yet with these figures before us we are told that telegraphy is even now in its

THE OLDBURY CARRIAGE WORKS.

The Railway Carriage Company was projected and commenced in the year 1847, by private enterprise, at Bromsgrove Station Works. Mr. Johnson, the present Chairman of the Company, was the principal partner. After remaining at Bromsgrove seven years the area was found too restricted and the means of transit of the raw material too limited, there being no water communication.

In 1853 the present works were begun. They were inaugurated in the autumn of 1854, and from that period until 1862 Mr. Johnson carried on the concern solely on his own account. In that year, from failing health, he took advantage of the then new Limited Liability Act, and formed the concern into a Joint Stock Company, convinced that in a business in which such a world-wide scope for connexions existed various interests might be united, through a Board of directors and a body of shareholders, which an individual could not command. The result has thoroughly proved the soundness of these views, as the following statistics, gathered from the published reports of the Company from its commencement, confirm.

The Company was formed, as we have said, in March, 1862.

In accordance with the deed of association the first report was made on June 30, 1862, only three months from the commencement of the Company, when a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum was declared and paid. In the balance-sheet ending Dec. 30, 1862, six months from the former report, and only nine months from the incorporation of the Company, the directors proposed and it was resolved that the whole of the preliminary expenses should be discharged, and paid out of the profits, and a dividend of 10 per cent. per annum paid, leaving a balance for the commencement of a reserve fund of £2,500, and carrying comparatively the very large balance of £1,878 9s. 9d. to the next account.

At this period, from the great accession of trade, it was found necessary to provide a large increase of new and powerful machinery, and as the freehold still belonged to Mr. Johnson it was determined to use a clause in the lease, and purchase the property at the sum originally fixed before the Company was formed. The capital to effect this was procured by the issue of debenture bonds, which were freely taken up, thus not interfering or unduly increasing the trading capital.

By the report of the following December (1863) we find that prosperity still followed, and that the directors were not only able to pay 10 per cent. dividend, but to add a bonus of 50 per cent. to the then paid-up capital of £2 per share, making it £3 per share, adding also £3,500 to the reserve fund and a balance of £1,027 17s. 8d. to the following account.

A successful balance-sheet again appeared on June 30, 1864, enabling the then usual dividend of 10 per cent. to be paid, thus adding £2,000 to the reserve fund, striking off £1,000 from the cost of works, and whilst adding another bonus of three shillings per share carrying a balance of £624 4s. 0d. to the next account.

It will be observed that this account only extended over six months, as it was considered advisable for the purposes of stock-taking that the annual balancing should be at Midsummer instead of Christmas.

We therefore find the next balance sheet made up to June 30, 1865, when a bonus of £1 was declared in addition to the increased dividend, which has always since been declared, of 15 per cent. per annum. In consequence of the still extending business the Board determined upon a new increase of original shares to the extent of 50 per cent. of the original capital, and to show the confidence of the proprietors every shilling of the declared bonus was reinvested in the concern.

We now come to the balance-sheet dated June 30, 1866, when the former dividend of 15 per cent. was maintained, a bonus of 7½ per cent., and an addition to the reserve fund of £2,000, a deduction from cost of works of £1,500 was made, and £680 17s. 6d. added to the next account. At that time, as there was some inconvenience felt owing to 10,000 shares having £3 paid and 5,000 only £2 paid, it was resolved to make them all equal and call £1 on the new shares.

The balance-sheet of June 30, 1867, enabled the Company to place to the depreciation of works and machinery £2,239 13s. 2d. and to add to the reserve fund £2,000, making it £12,000, at which it now stands, and after the customary dividend of 15 per cent. per annum carrying to the credit of the next account £1,746 6s. 11d. At the time we write, the balance-sheet for the present year has not been presented to the proprietors, but looking at the balance-sheet of 1868 we find the previous successes advanced upon, viz. £1,000 taken from the value of the works and machinery, and £1,000 set apart as a first nucleus of an insurance fund, a most important item in future, if properly and discreetly invested. A dividend and bonus also appear, viz. 15 per cent. for the former, and 10s. per share for the latter, making now £3 10s. per share paid up all round, with a respectable balance of £1,291 12s. 8d. to the credit of the 1869 account. The past year, we are told, was one of unexampled depression in the railway world; nevertheless it is understood that the usual dividend will be paid before this number is issued, and an increase to the insurance fund made, with a fair balance to carry to the next year's account.

In these days of joint-stock disappointment we have especial pleasure in referring to this excellent and well-managed concern, and we think we have hit upon the secret of its invariable and increasing success from the commencement of the undertaking. The keynote was sounded in the first report dated June 30, 1862, which stated, "The Directors have been enabled with the powers given them under the deed of association to acquire an old-established concern, with a connexion already formed, upon favourable terms, not having had to pay for any goodwill, and with a small expenditure for preliminary expenses." We are informed upon good authority that £20,000 and even £50,000 have been given for goodwill with a much less satisfactory foundation than in this case, but we are quite sure that the founder of this prosperous and to all intents gigantic concern feels more pride in the success that has attended it than any immediate profit that he could have made out of the transfer, the best proof of which is the large stake he has always held and continues to hold in the undertaking, and his continual attention to its welfare as its Chairman from the Company's formation to the present time, despite his suffering from great physical infirmity. He has, however, been cheered and encouraged in his work by the Secretary, Mr. Herbert Wheeler, and the Manager, Mr. W. Stableford, who have well looked after the details of the establishment since the formation of the Company, as they did during the long period of fourteen years previous to the concern becoming an incorporated Company.

It has been often said that the Limited Liability Act is an Act of Parliament passed for "legal swindling." In some cases the statement may be correct, but there are many exceptions, and the Oldbury Carriage Company is a bright example. There would be little danger of loss if the investing public would only exercise sound common-sense; look into the reasons why such concerns are started; enquire whether the nature of the business is calculated for joint-stock enterprise, and whether those engaged in promoting the new enterprise are willing to continue their interests therein; and see that no finance agents are employed. We repeat, there can be little danger if such simple safeguards are thought of. Other good concerns may yet present themselves, which, by an outlay of £20,000 capital originally called, and £5,000 as afterwards called on the new shares, making in all £25,000, (incredible as it may seem in seven years) may produce a net repayment, including the call of £1 on the 5,000 new shares in dividends and bonuses, of no less than £63,650, not calculating depreciation fund, deduction on works, reserve fund of £12,000, insurance fund, &c.

The best proof of all is that the original £2 made by additions into £3 10s. per share is now worth in the market £5 7s. 6d. to £5 10s. a share; thus after paying all dividends, magnifying the original £25,000 paid in cash to £82,500 marketable value: an example worthy of being quoted and followed.

Situated about five miles from Birmingham, the works of the Oldbury Carriage Company are admirably adapted to the requirements of the business; whilst the surroundings are not devoid of a certain picturesqueness. On one side is the parish church of West Bromwich, on the other Dudley Castle, corn-fields relieve the monotony of the tall chimneys and blazing furnaces, and before you is the wondrous Black Country making the air thick with billows upon billows of smoke. There is water as well as railway communication at the Oldbury Works, for the London and North Western Railway Company have a station at Oldbury (from which runs a siding into the Works) and another at Spon-lane, while the canal runs close alongside the Carriage Works. From the entrance end of the premises, where the offices are situated, you get a view of the whole yard; not an uninterrupted vista, however, for a workshop intervenes. The first part of the work begins at the extreme end of the yard, where the raw materials are all received. The timber used is principally oak, well seasoned and ready for immediate use, and sent to Oldbury from all parts of the country, while not a little mahogany, deal, &c., is imported from abroad. Of the iron, most comes from the neighbouring district of South Staffordshire; the remainder is supplied by more purely local manufacturers. The timber, being received in the bulk, first goes to the saw mill, a large shed well lit with gas, where there is nothing to be heard all day but the hissing sounds of the various saws, and where the visitor finds some dozen or more men at work. Here, it is almost needless to say, steam has altogether superseded hand-labour. There are horizontal and circular saws, driven and worked at a speed which takes your breath away. You see a huge piece of timber cut up into thin planks quicker than one could divide a Christmas pudding into slices. What are called "log-frames" are perpendicular saws, and there are besides circulars and self-feeding circulars. Old saws (and the reader is besought to pardon the joke) are well enough to remember and quote, but it is questionable whether they are anything like as useful as the new ones at Oldbury. The Oldbury saws are, in fact, as sharp as the traditional "nails," and as it is important that they should be immediately renovated when from constant use their edges have become blunted, they are sharpened on the spot by machinery—another ingenious device for lessening hand-labour. As the workmen sharpen these dreadful-looking tools on files made to revolve by steam, the sparks fly up "like chaff from a threshing-floor." In this department are also boring and planing machines, the whole of the machinery being driven by three engines with a combined power equal to that of a hundred horses. The-old fashioned saw-pits, with "top" and "bottom" sawyers, are not entirely "snuffed out:" one or two remain at the Oldbury Works for the future antiquarian to ponder over and speculate upon.

After the wood has been sawn and left the saw mill, which is long and wide, it goes to the adjoining workshops, being ready for immediate use. A great deal of the work done at Oldbury is for foreign countries, as was pointed out to us in the wagon-shop, where there were wagons being made for Austrian purchasers, and 180 carriages for the Lemberg, Czernowitz and Jassy Railway. A wagon that we saw here struck us as being as large as a good-sized dining-room. There is sufficient shedding for laying down thirty wagons 21 feet by 8 feet, and 12 feet high; and each shed has its iron store for the greater convenience of the workmen, who are thus relieved of the necessity which would otherwise exist of going from shop to shop for their materials. Adjoining this shop is another, also containing thirty wagons, and a third room with sixty. Passing on we come to a range of foremen's shops, where the carriages are laid down, and where we find ourselves surrounded by templates and working drawings. This brings us to a temporary halt, for the purpose of admiring the fine range of shops, 240 yards long, including the foreman's shops, offices, and other wagon and storage shops for iron. These shops are capable of holding 50 wagons. Many were, at the time of our visit, in course of construction for Austrian and Russian railways, amongst others for the Moscow, Riazan, and Kosloff Railway, and for our own Great Eastern line. In another wagon-shop we came across an announcement, startling but not by any means disagreeable, referring to "refreshment," which, after a course of "circulars," "horizontals," and "log-frames," oak, teak, and mahogany, tanks, ladders reaching high into the air, and an induction into other mysteries very much too numerous to mention, inspired us with hopes of something more digestible than mahogany, only useful when your legs are under it; but alas! Hope told its too flattering tale, and we learnt that the legendary inscription referred to the circumstance that luncheon was given in the building to the members of the British Association a few years ago! Pushing on undauntedly, we found in this department upwards of 150 wagons to be used for carrying copper ore into Spain by the Buitron and Huelva Railway Company. These are made of iron, and are small square-built wagons, the bodies of which stand on a wooden frame. Here also we found laid down the under parts of several carriages for use on the Metropolitan Railway—those long, lofty, commodious "coaches," to give them their technical name, and of which the shed would hold only forty. Seven of the Spanish wagons referred to would make no more than one of these Brobdingnagian carriages loved by all Londoners. A good idea of the size of a Metropolitan carriage will be obtained by reference to the illustration in another page.

Longfellow's poetical and delightful blacksmith would stare could he peep into the forge-shops of the Oldbury Carriage Works. Eighty-four fires all blazing away together is a sight for a Salamander! The forges employ altogether eighty-four smiths, each of whom has work sufficient to occupy two strikers. A very large proportion of the ironwork here is for Indian railways, for the purposes of which during the last two years 3,000 tons have been turned out to the entire satisfaction of the various companies. Close by this shop are made drawbars, couplings, and all necessary ironwork for railway carriages and wagons; in the working of which the Nasmyth hammer plays a leading part. This is one of the most interesting features of the vast establishment. When all the forges are in full blast and the hammers are ringing their loudest, the scene is one of considerable picturesqeness. The thousands of sparks leaping all about the shop, the swarthy smiths and strikers, some men of Herculean build; the grotesqueness of their figures, half hidden by the blinding particles of fire which surround them; and the general *diablerie* of the whole scene, invest it with sufficient attraction to make the visitor linger long at the portals. To move the immense masses of iron large cranes are employed; one of these will raise fifteen tons. A space of no less than 40 yards by 20 is occupied here by the furnaces and engines, on the opposite side to which are Messrs. Wright's anvil works. Adjoining the smiths' shops and forges is a room in which are a number of shearing and punching machines, and here the iron is cut and shaped and bolts made of every possible description, in preparation for other shops. The pattern-shop is apart from the others; on our way to it we were shown a punching-machine of improved make which puts a hole through a piece of iron half an inch thick with as much ease as a cook would skewer a pheasant. From this part of the Works we get to the foundry, the dimensions of which are 30 yards by 16. In the snapdragony fires are made the castings, the raw material coming from Staffordshire, the Hæmatite Works, Barrow-in-Furness, the Ferry Hill, and Rosedale Works. Axle-boxes are chiefly cast here, and all the necessary castings for the trade. The fitting shop is 47 yards by 24; here the iron-fitting work is done, and here are wheel and other lathes, drilling, boring, and other machines. There is a shop full of different descriptions of machinery for manipulating the wood required in the Works; and every conceivable appliance for saving manual labour. Here the carriages, which we had seen in their earliest stages, were arriving at completion, and were being fitted up preparatory to the addition of the upholsterer's work. Adjoining is a shop 167 yards by 47 filled with Metropolitan and Great Eastern wagons, with some shorter ones for the Underground Railway, which has proved so great a convenience to our London friends. These carriages are excellently fitted up, and being made of iron, glass, and wood have a light, cheerful appearance which is wanting in most carriages; they are also lighted with gas. Our illustrations include an admirable sketch of one of these carriages. The principal stores adjoin the fitting-shops.

The Company have just concluded an order for the Great Western Railway for 100 carriages, which are constructed from first to last in a manner second to none in the kingdom. It is satisfactory to know that the completion of this large order has been the means of adding to the Company's already very high and deserved reputation in the world of manufactures; the carriages were turned out perfect in all respects.

A considerable space is devoted to painting-shops, for which a room 40 by 50 yards is set apart. Here our attention was called to some splendid first-class carriages made expressly for the Great Eastern Railway, with the Company's arms in a shield on the centre panel of each carriage, and the coats of arms of the chief towns through which the Great Eastern Railway runs, including those of Hertford, Cambridge, and Yarmouth, surrounding the shield.

Having now laid before the readers of THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS some account of the construction of the carriages they ride in, there remain only a few words to be written in concluding our description of these famous works. In the trimming-room, to which we have not alluded, the finest West of England cloth is used to line first-class carriages; for second-class "French rib" and American cloth are found well adapted. The export department occupies a space of 40 by 56 yards, the stores 25 by 50 yards.

It was especially gratifying to us to find that the Company are not in any way unmindful of the wants and comforts of their *employés*, who average about 1,000 men and boys. There is a mess-room, 40 yards by 12, where the work-people breakfast and tea, each man bringing his own tea and coffee, which is heated for him by a man told off for that purpose; two bands of music, formed solely of *employés*, enliven their friends occasionally, and particularly at Christmas; there is a newsroom and library, any addition to which will, we are asked to say, be gratefully received; and the utmost harmony and good feeling appears to prevail.

As we said in our introductory remarks, the offices of the Company are in the front portion of the premises. These consist of board-room, secretary's and manager's offices, and drawing offices.

The works cover an area of ten acres. The total steam-power is equivalent to 150 horses; there are eight engines, horizontal and vertical; in the course of a year some 2,500 wagons are made. Since the commencement of the undertaking about 20,000 wagons have been made altogether, and for those who are curious in such matters we have calculated that if the whole of the wagons and carriages built by the Oldbury Carriage Company were put together they would be equivalent to a train of vehicles reaching from Birmingham to London!

Amongst many other foreign orders that the Oldbury Company have been honoured with was one from the Emperor of Brazil, for whom a magnificent carriage, with every interior accommodation, was manufactured some time ago. This company also made the stock on the Athens and Pirœus Railway, which was so well spoken of by the King and Queen of Greece in their recent travels. The carriages we saw included some very ingenious specimens designed for the joint conveyance of troops and horses, with room for ten horses and about twenty men. These are for foreign service. Besides these was a novelty in goods wagons—a truck with three compartments one above the other for sending pigs by rail; in fact, almost every description of railway wagon and carriage is to be seen at the Oldbury Works, over which we had the advantage of being conducted by Mr. Herbert Wheeler, the Secretary, and Mr. Stableford, the Manager of the concern, to whose courtesy we are indebted for most of the above information.

In another page we give illustrations of the Works, specially sketched by our artist, and which will be interesting to all Midland Counties readers of the Illustrated Paper.

SCIENCE AND ART GOSSIP.

The flying machine invented by a San Francisco journalist is only a partial success. It will navigate the air in a calm, but the slightest breeze disconcerts its movements.

The French Scientific Association is preparing an expedition to observe the shooting stars in November, from various points near the coast of the Mediterranean. The principal stations are expected to be Marseilles, Nice, Perpignan, and Narbonne.

Mr. Planchè has re-arranged all the armouries in the Tower; the mention of which reminds us that Mr. Hepworth Dixon will shortly give us, as a kind of supplement to his excellent book, "Her Majesty's Tower," some stories of the Tower, which are sure to be deeply interesting.

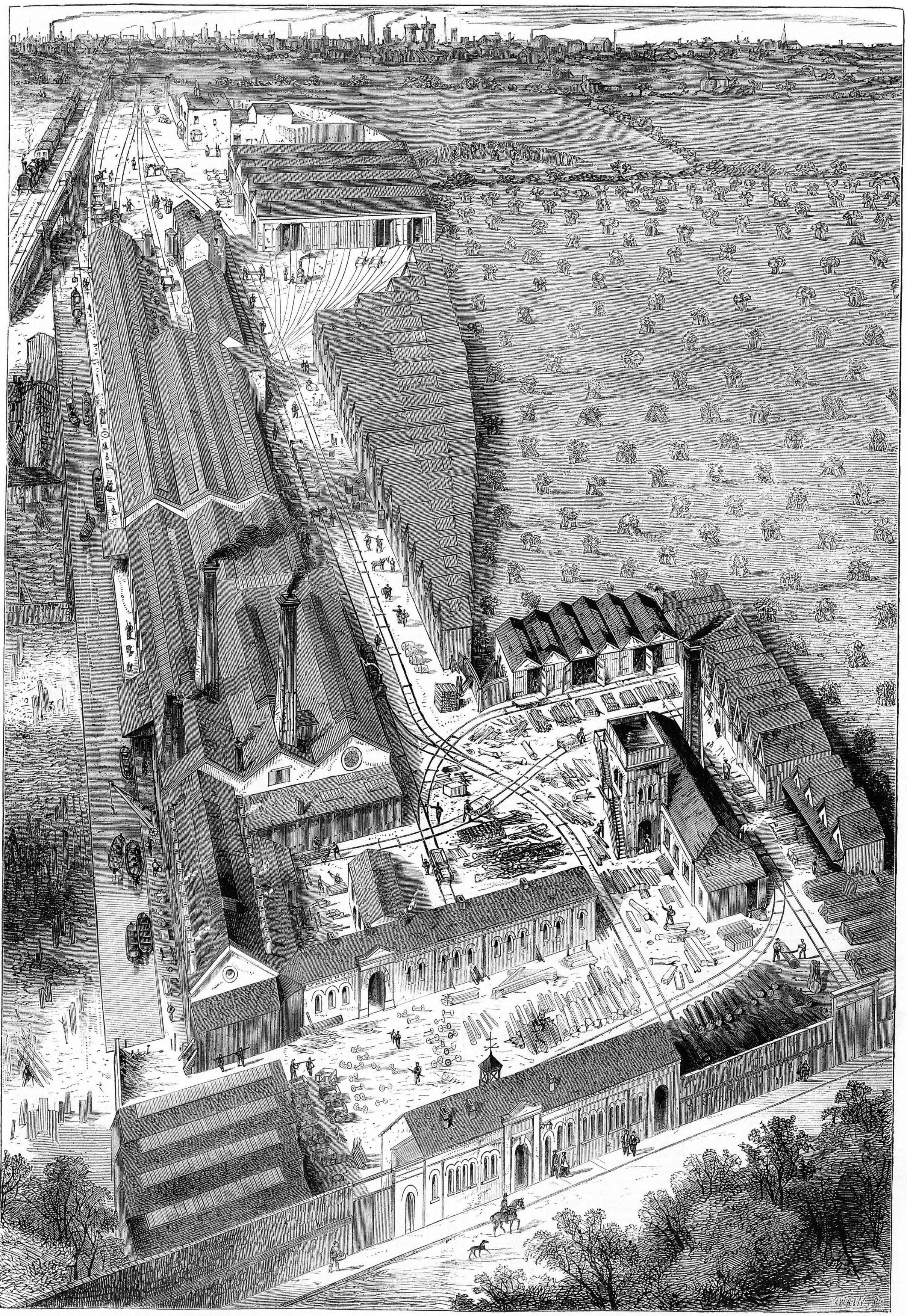
Connoisseurs will be glad to know that Albert Dürer's long-lost picture "The Death of the Virgin" has been discovered. It is now placed above the high altar in St. Wolfgang's church, (on Lake Wolfgang, Upper Austria), where, says the *Athenœum*, which was the first to make this announcement, it is exciting great admiration.

Mr. H. Cole's Report on the Paris Exhibition of 1867 has been published, the sixth and final volume of the series to which it belongs, with the Reports on various classes of the Exhibition. The estimate for the British section was £128,315; the Treasury sanctioned a vote of £116,650; the expenditure to the 31st of March, 1869, reached £120,154. Mr. Cole is against the appointment of juries at exhibitions, being of opinion that the public can form a right judgment without the aid of an authority. He regards as a failure the attempt to award money prizes in the "new order of merit." The gift of medals or money to manufacturers who promoted the welfare of their people was not acceptable to those who had the best claim to receive it; they stood aloof.

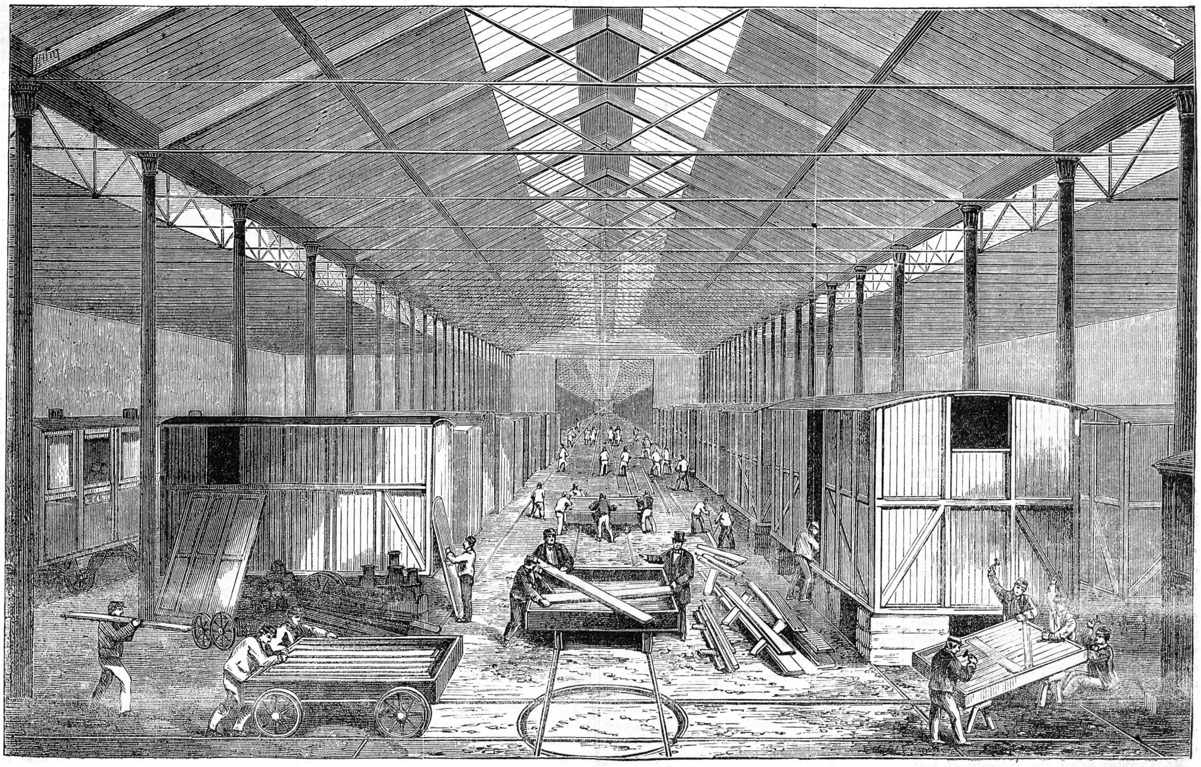
A NEW EXPLOSIVE MATERIAL.—The following account of a new explosive material is abridged from the *Kölnische Zeitung*, May 19th, which gives the *Militär-Wochen-blatt* as its authority:—"It is now some time since the proprietors of the Nora-Gyttorp Powder Mills obtained a patent in Sweden for the discovery of the so-called 'ammonia powder,' a substance which has hitherto been only employed in a few mining districts, but which otherwise seems wholly unknown. Its explosive force may be compared to that of nitro-glycerine, and, consequently, far surpasses that of dynamite. It cannot be exploded by a flame or by sparks, and the explosion is effected by a heavy blow from a hammer. Blast holes loaded with this powder are exploded by means of a powerful cap, or, better, by means of a cartridge containing common powder, for this forms a more reliable exploder. One of the useful and important properties of this new powder is, that it does not require heating in cold weather, whilst nitro-glycerine and dynamite must first be warmed, and this has been the cause of many accidents." The same paper further says that ammonia powder was discovered by the chemist Norrbin.

HOW SEA ANEMONES ARE BORN.—The stomach of the sea anemones fulfils a multitude of functions. At first it is the digestive organ; it is also the seat of respiration; and is unceasingly moistened by the water, which it passes through, imbibes, and ejects. The visceral cavity absorbs the atmospheric air contained in the water; for the stomach is also a lung, and through the same organ it ejects its young! In short, the reproductive organ, the eggs, and the larvæ are all connected with the tentacles or arms. In the month of September the eggs are fecundated, and the larvæ or embryos developed. As Frédol says in *La Monde de la Mer*, these animals bear their young, not upon their arms, but *in* their arms. The larvæ generally pass from the tentacula into the stomach, and are afterwards ejected from the mouth along with the rejecta of their food—a most singular formation, in which the stomach breathes and the mouth serves the purpose of accouchement—facts which it would be difficult to believe on other than the most positive evidence."—*Hardwicke's Science Gossip.*

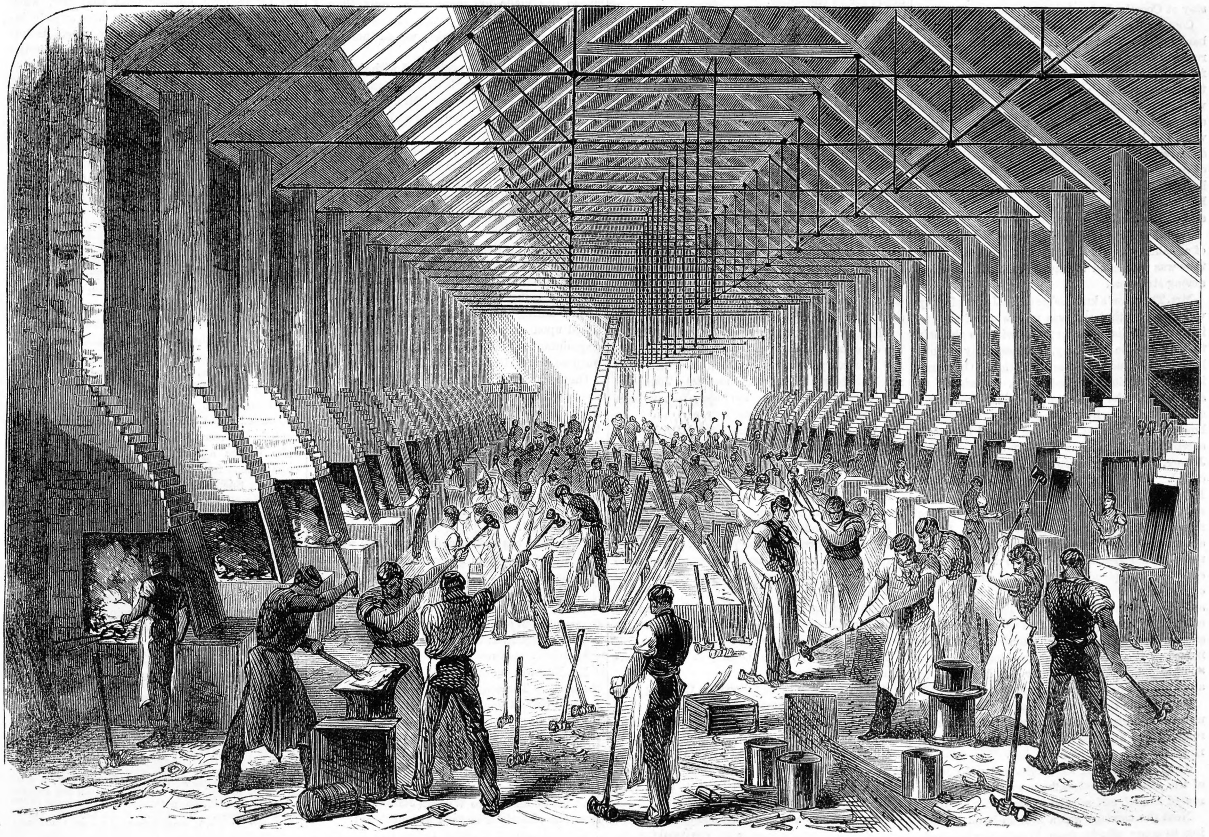
Cathedral restoration is the order of the day: some £50,000 has been spent upon Worcester Cathedral, and there is no knowing when the restoration will be completed. At Lichfield the work has been just finished. At Exeter the choir is to be restored at a cost of about £12,000; subsequently the whole of the cathedral is to be completely restored. We trust the work of renovation is being performed with every care, for we have not too many of these ancient ecclesiastical landmarks remaining to remind us of the lives of those who came before us.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE RAILWAY CARRIAGE WORKS AT OLDBURY. *(See page 23.)*



RAILWAY CARRIAGE WORKS AT OLDBURY.—THE CARRIAGE SHOP. *(See page 23.)*



RAILWAY CARRIAGE WORKS AT OLDBURY.—THE FORGE. *(See page 23.)*

EFFIE.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY WALTER MAYNARD.

PART I. (*Continued.*)

Mr. Thornton, son of the lady who had sent the invitation, answered Mrs. Jenner's letter in person. They were old friends. Before Mrs. Jenner married for money there had been love passages between them—a flirtation, which had been put an end to by the worldly prudence of the lady. She had encouraged a renewal of their intimacy so far that he had been frequently asked to call in Eaton Place and upbraided for not doing so. He was a man of sufficient means to enable him to live an idle life, good looking, about thirty years of age, and still a bachelor. He lived at the house in Berkshire with his mother and three sisters. When he called to answer Mrs. Jenner's letter he was admitted at once to the boudoir, contrary to custom, and to the surprise of the attendants.

The first greetings over, Mrs. Jenner alluded to the invitation.

"I accept it most gladly if you can only persuade my daughter to do so. You know I was always happy at Coombe Lodge."

"It is very good of you to say so," replied the visitor, "we must try to recal the old days."

Mr. Thornton volunteered to persuade Miss Jenner to do as her stepmother wished, and the widow rang for a servant to request the young lady to come to her.

"You have not seen Effie!" she remarked. "You will find her very downcast and melancholy. Her spirits are much less buoyant than mine."

"She has not yet recovered the loss of her father," observed Mr. Thornton. The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Effie, who, unprepared to meet a stranger, evinced some hesitation on finding that Mrs. Jenner was not alone.

"You sent for me?" she said, timidly.

"Yes," replied the widow, rising, "I sent for you to introduce you to Mr. Thornton, who has come to talk to us about Ascot."

Mr. Thornton urged the necessity of both ladies joining more in the gaieties of life; he promised they should, if they preferred, be as secluded in his mother's house as they were in their own, and that the races should be visited or not as they might wish.

The interview over, Mr. Thornton took his leave, having obtained the consent of Effie to accept the invitation and appointed a day for the stay at Coombe Lodge to commence.

Coombe Lodge was a pleasant villa on the banks of the Thames, with a garden and lawn running down to the river side. A more delightful residence could not be desired. Mrs. Thornton, to whom the villa belonged, was a widow with three daughters and a son, whose acquaintance we have just made—all tolerably well provided for, but still unmarried. A clever woman, she never allowed an opportunity of settling her offspring in life to escape; hitherto, however, her match-making efforts had been unsuccessful: her household remained intact, and her children still on her hands.

The guests were received with every expression of amiability and hospitality, and Effie in a short time was reconciled to having consented to come among strangers.

Mrs. Thornton's knowledge of the Jenner family was so slight that she was not aware of the existence of William Jenner; otherwise, as the heir to considerable property, he assuredly would have been included in the invitation. On learning the omission she had made, she wished to send specially for Mr. Jenner to join his relations, and did in fact write a note clandestinely, saying how glad she should be to see him if he would accept an invitation at so short a notice. Mr. Jenner, however, was engaged, and politely declined. Great persuasions were used to induce Effie to recal her protest against the races—persuasions to which she had at last to yield. The morning after their arrival at Coombe Lodge a carriage and pair was in readiness to take them to the Heath, the drive to which was as enjoyable as splendid scenery and fine weather could make it. Mrs. Jenner was in high spirits, and chatted merrily with Mr. Thornton. Effie sat next to Mrs. Thornton, and was reserved and silent. The driving party consisted of the four named; the three daughters having joined another set, whose places for the day were in a private box in the grand stand.

On reaching the course, the carriage was drawn up in a favourable position and was soon surrounded and hemmed in by other vehicles innumerable.

As the day wore on, the excitement and novelty of the scene had their influence upon Effie; she roused herself, and seemed to forget her sorrows.

Next the carriage was a four-in-hand belonging to some officers from Windsor, who made several attempts to enter into conversation with the Thornton party, but were unnoticed. A red-bearded man from the window of the drag offered Mrs. Jenner an opera-glass, which was declined. The racing commenced, and with it the noise and confusion inseparable therefrom. As lunch was going on in the carriage, the proprietor of the opera-glass—nothing daunted by the slight he had experienced—challenged Mrs. Jenner to drink with him. She opened her parasol and held it before her. The familiarity was noticed by Mr. Thornton, who approached the drag and requested the individual to refrain from annoying the lady. The remonstrance had effect, but the efforts to attract attention recommenced shortly. An attempt was made to remove the parasol: it was touched by the handle of the driving whip and fell out of Mrs. Jenner's hand. On seeing this done, Mr. Thornton, who was sitting in the rumble of the carriage, stood up and dashed the contents of the champagne glass which he had just filled into the face of the person who held the whip, and who was calling the attention of his companions to the act he had just perpetrated. The wine blinded him for a moment. He wiped his face as well as he could and made a rush at Thornton. The distance between them was too great for him to reach the object of his vengeance except with the whip, which was dexterously seized by his opponent and wrested from his grasp. He climbed down the drag and was nearing the carriage, when his friends seized him.

"No fighting!" they cried.

The man struggled to get free. Mrs. Jenner and all the ladies were greatly alarmed. Mr. Thornton, in his place, quietly assured them nothing should happen, and begged them to pay no attention to the threatened disturbance.

One of the four-in-hand party came up to Thornton and suggested that they should go to some other spot, where the dispute could be settled out of the presence of the ladies.

"I have no dispute to settle," he replied; "here is my card, and if your friend requires any explanation of the affair when he is sober I shall be glad to give it him."

The negotiator was taken aback by Thornton's coolness, and apologized on his own account to the ladies for what had occurred. Another of the friends approached and declared his party had been grossly outraged, and demanded satisfaction. Paying no attention to the last comer, Mr. Thornton left the place he had hitherto occupied and went towards the group, where stood the offended individual, still violently gesticulating and affecting to endeavour to get his liberty. The determined appearance and stalwart form of the opponent with whom he sought to do battle went far to put down the raging desire for an encounter.

Thornton went up to him.

"I gave you warning," he said, deliberately. "You refused to take it and obliged me to do that which I did. We will settle our differences to-morrow in any way you may prefer."

"You have his card," said the other to his friends.

"We have, and will see that ample satisfaction be given," replied he who had at first spoken.

"We will not go further into the matter today," continued the speaker, addressing Thornton, who returned to his carriage.

The dispute excited the attention of all around. Mrs. Thornton, having full reliance in the ability of her son to extricate himself from any such difficulty, was the only one among the ladies who did not seem to lose all presence of mind at the scene.

Their anxiety was greatly relieved when Thornton came back to them unmolested.

"How sorry I am to have been the cause of so much unpleasantness," exclaimed Mrs. Jenner.

"Not at all; I am only too happy to have been any protection to you," was the reply.

"What will be done?" enquired Effie, looking pale and scared.

"Nothing more, I assure you," said Mr. Thornton.

Having seen the Cup race run, it was proposed they should return home.

Ragged attendants crowded round the carriage, which after a great deal of pushing, pulling and manipulation was at length moved out into a clear space, the horses were put to, and they left the heath.

That evening several people had been invited to dine at Coombe Lodge—residents in the neighbourhood and visitors to the races.

The day's events were the subject of conversation during dinner.

"Did you know those fellows on the drag next us?" asked Mr. Thornton of an elderly man whom he had met on the course, after the ladies had left the table.

"They were from Windsor," replied the guest. "The gentleman you so mildly rebuked is I believe a surgeon, living in Belgravia, on a visit to the barracks."

"Delighted to hear he is not one of my cloth," remarked a military man who was smoking his cigar at the open window. "What was the offence, Thornton?" he continued.

"He knocked the parasol of one of the ladies out of her hand."

"And you threw the wine in his face. Did he apologise?"

"He has not done so yet; I suppose I shall have some communication from him to-morrow."

"I bet a hundred you hear no more of him unless you go after him. A fellow who can so conduct himself is not likely to demand satisfaction or an explanation; he might have been screwed and will feel ashamed of himself when sober."

The topic, at Mr. Thornton's request, was changed.

In the drawing-room, among the ladies, the quarrel was discussed at greater length.

Some admired the courage shown by one man defying another who had so many partisans at hand. Others disapproved any scene of violence being enacted in their presence.

"Arthur was quite right," said Mrs. Thornton, "to resent any indignity offered to those who were with him; he is well able to have defended himself against all those who were likely to side with that insolent man."

The mother's pride was gratified in extolling the prowess of her son.

"I am very glad I was not present," observed one of the daughters who had seen the races from the grand stand.

Mrs. Jenner remained silent. She felt, in a measure, that she was the cause of all that had happened. During the evening she sat apart from the other guests, declining to take any share in the music and amusements that went on. She was pressed to sing, but resolutely refused.

Effie, more easily persuaded, played one of Chopin's nocturnes, and was listened to with wrapt attention. The melancholy character of the composition seemed intended to express the innermost thoughts of the pensive performer, whose large blue eyes, luxuriant auburn hair and sad expression of face, gave her, as she sat at the pianoforte, all the appearance of a heroine of romance.

The nocturne ended, many of the listeners gathered round Effie to offer their thanks for the pleasure she had afforded them. The music had brought with it many recollections of the past, and affected the performer more than any of her audience.

She moved away from the piano and joined Mrs. Jenner, who was sitting alone in a far corner of the room. Arthur Thornton followed her.

"Why so silent?" he said, addressing Mrs. Jenner.

"I am very cheerless this evening, and Effie's music has made me more melancholy than I was," she replied.

"That is most unfortunate; we all thought it the sweetest we ever heard."

Effie coloured at this praise and with downcast eyes muttered a few words that were inaudible.

"What has depressed you, Mrs. Jenner—perhaps the day has been too long and fatiguing?" continued Mr. Thornton.

"I really cannot say; occasionally these fits come on me and then I am better left to myself."

"A broad hint that I am not wanted." On saying which Mr. Thornton turned away and went towards a whist table to watch the game in progress.

At the expiration of a week Effie and Mrs. Jenner returned to town. The visit to Coombe Lodge was not allowed to terminate without promises being exacted that it should be repeated during the summer. Mrs. Thornton insisted upon an early opportunity of making the acquaintance of Mr. William Jenner and for that purpose was invited to Eaton Place.

On their arrival at home Miss Collings received the two absentees in the prim and formal manner that was natural to her. It had been agreed that nothing should be said of the occurrence at Ascot races. Mrs. Jenner remembering the opposition shewn by the governess to the invitation in the first instance, considered it wiser not to give her any cause to refer to the advice she had offered as having been that which should have been followed.

"Mr. Burt has been here during your absence," said Miss Collings, in reply to an enquiry made by Effie.

"You saw him?" asked Mrs. Jenner.

"Yes, he came by appointment, for I wished to consult him on some law business of my own."

"How important that sounds," remarked Effie with much seriousness.

Mr. Burt was one of the most frequent visitors to the house. The acquaintance formed under such unusual circumstances had ripened into friendship, and he was now looked upon as one of the advisers of the family. Effie was always glad to receive a friend who had risked his life to save her father, although the service unfortunately had been rendered in vain, Mr. Burt had, moreover, allied himself to William Jenner, in whose career as a barrister he took warm interest.

The sojourn at Coombe Lodge had its effect upon the household in Eaton Place.

Effie having left her retirement for so long was more easily induced to participate in the gay doings of society. Mrs. Thornton was invited to pay a return visit, and dinner parties and receptions were given in her honour. During her stay open house was kept. Although late in the season, the fashionable theatres were not yet closed, and Mrs. Thornton insisted upon attending the principal performances that were announced. Arthur Thornton was always ready to escort the ladies, and his attention to Effie gradually became more marked. They were in the stalls one evening at the opera, when Mrs. Jenner drew Thornton's notice to a figure in a private box on the pit tier.

"That is the person we saw at Ascot," she said. Mr. Thornton looked in the direction indicated and recognised the red bearded stranger.

"Have you met since then?" asked Effie, to whom Mrs. Jenner had also spoken.

"No, he has made no sign," replied Mr. Thornton.

"You will not speak to him to-night," she continued in a low voice.

"Not unless he speaks to me."

"And should he do so, don't quarrel nor get into any dispute with him."

"Not if it can be avoided."

"Do not, pray, for my sake."

Mr. Thornton turned towards her.

"Can it possibly have any interest for you?" he said, looking into her face.

Effie gave no answer; she seemed ashamed of what she had said. He took her hand, it was not withdrawn; he pressed it, and the pressure was returned.

They both were silent for some minutes. Mrs. Jenner, who was sitting in the row of stalls before them with Mrs. Thornton, again spoke.

"Have you ever discovered the name of that person?" she asked.

"All I know of him is that he is a surgeon called Langley, practising somewhere in your neighbourhood."

"I am sorry to hear that; it would be very awkward if his assistance were required at any time. I must find out his address in order to avoid it."

An opera-house is not the most appropriate place for the purpose of making an offer of marriage—at least not in the opinion of those who consider that such a proceeding should be attended with much form and ceremony, fainting, floods of tears, and other signs of emotion on the part of one of the party interested. Such an incident, nevertheless, may have happened, and love-sick swains ere now have made Mario do duty for them as interpreter, and tell the objects of their adoration all they felt, when their own means of expression were utterly inadequate to the task. At any rate, Arthur Thornton made his first confession to Effie in the theatre, and during the performance of the *Puritani*. The music seemed to fire the dormant passion in his heart. The melodies were to him more rapturous and fascinating than ever. Each amorous phrase was the embodiment of some feeling of his own. Effie did not withdraw her hand, and it remained clasped in Thornton's grasp.

"And why should you take any interest in such a matter?" he asked.

Still no reply.

"Can it be that you care for me?" he continued, after a short pause.

A mute answer was given in a single glance more eloquent than any words. The rest of the opera Arthur Thornton waited but for the confirmation of her assent. No more was said. The day following he called in Eaton Place and found his mother in the library alone with Effie, who met him with some embarrassment. Soon after his arrival, Mrs. Thornton retired, leaving the two together. The avowal but half spoken in the theatre was expressed with all the fervent ardour of devotion. Arthur Thornton was accepted. In compliance with a request made by Effie it was agreed between them that their engagement for the present should not be made known. She assigned no reason for the desired secresy, and none was asked. He was too supremely happy to raise any objection to her slightest wish.

This, their first interview, was suddenly interrupted by Mrs. Jenner, who came unexpectedly into the room.

"I did not know that we had such an early visitor," she exclaimed, on seeing Mr. Thornton.

(*To be continued.*)

HOOD'S ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Answers to newspaper correspondents" make a leading feature in many of the largely circulating periodicals of the dap. The industrious writer must often be at a loss both to imagine questions and replies. Perhaps they may gain something by learning how Tom Hood used to answer *his* correspondents. Here is a specimen:—"'The Echoes,' we fear will not answer." "'Alien,' is fsreign to his subject." "'W.,' 'Tears of Sensibility' had better be dropt." "'B.' is surely humming." "The 'Night Thoughts' are not admired, because the author was Young." "'T.' says that his tale was out of his own head: is he a tadpole?" "'Y.Y.' a word to the Y's is sufficient." "The essay on the funeral ceremonies of different nations should be printed in the dead languages. We decline it on the part of the English." "Mr. R. complains that we are 'backward at forwarding his paper.' Does he mean by the clause to take us for crabs?" "The sonnet to Miss Tree is forwarded by the twopenny post." "'The Captive' is ready to be restored."

GOOD WORDS FROM GOOD BOOKS.

When thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half way to lying, and lying is the whole way to hell.—*Penn.*

The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground. — *Sir Thomas Overbury.*

Troubles are usually the brooms and shovels that smooth the road to a good man's fortune, of which he little dreams; and many a man curses the rain that falls upon his head, and knows not that it brings abundance to drive away hunger.—*Basil.*

If a man all his life long should do no other good than educate his child right, in the fear of God, then I think this may be an atonement for his neglects. The greatest work which thou canst do is even this—that thou educatest thy child well.—*Martin Luther.*

A man who knows the world will not only make the most of everything he does know, but of many things he does not know, and will gain more credit by his adroit mode of hiding his ignorance than the pedant by his awkward attempt to exhibit his erudition.—*Cotton.*

At almost every step in life we meet with young men from whom we anticipate wonderful things, but of whom, after careful inquiry, we never hear another word. Like certain chintzes, calicoes, and ginghams, they show finely on their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing-day.—*Hawthorne on "Smart" Young Men.*

It is an excellent circumstance that hospitality grows best where it is most needed. In the thick of men it dwindles and disappears, like fruit in the thick of a wood; but where men are planted sparely it blossoms and matures, like apples on a standard or an espalier. It flourishes where the inn and lodging-house cannot exist.—*Hugh Miller.*

Pride is as cruel a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece. It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follows it.—*Franklin.*

Many politicians are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim!—*Macaulay.*

Within the four walls where the stir and glare of the world are shut out, and every voice is subdued—where a human being lies prostrate, thrown on the tender mercies of his fellow—the moral relation of man is reduced to its utmost clearness and simplicity. Bigotry cannot confute it; theory cannot pervert it; passion, awed into quiescence, can neither pollute nor perturb it. As we bend over the sick-bed, all the forces of our nature rush towards the channels of pity, of patience, and of love, and sweep down the miserable choking drift of our quarrels, our debates, our would-be-wisdom, and our clamorous selfish desires.—*Miss Evans.*

Though God hath raised me high, I count this the glory of my crown, that I have reigned with your loves. There will never queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country, care to my subjects, and that will sooner, with willingness, yield and venture her life for your good and safety than myself. Shall I ascribe anything to myself and my sexly weakness? I were not worthy to live then, and of all most unworthy of the mercies I have had from God, who has ever yet given me a heart which never yet feared foreign or home enemies.—*Queen Elizabeth's Last Words to her Last Parliament.*

Teach a child that there is harm in everything, however innocent, and as soon as it discovers the cheat, it won't see no sin in anything. That's the reason deacons' sons seldom turn out well, and preachers' daughters are married through a window. Innocence is the sweetest thing in the world, and there is more of it than folks generally imagine. If you want some to transplant, don't seek it in the enclosures of cant, but go to the garden of truth and sense. Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark—open the door and it's off for ever; but the bird that roams unrestrained through the sky and the groves knows how to dodge the hawk and protect itself.—*Sam Slick.*

If you will take his word for it, an Atheist is a very despicable mortal. Let us describe him by his tenet, and copy him a little from his own original. He is, then, no better than a heap of organized dust, a stalking machine, a speaking head without a soul in it. His thoughts are bound by the laws of motion; his actions are all prescribed. He has no more liberty than the current of a stream, or the blast of a tempest; and where there is no choice there can be no merit.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Dress should be authorised in men of ingenuity. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a star and garter would one never knighted; and men would use as commendable a diligence to qualify themselves for a brocaded waistcoat or a gold snuff-box as they now do to procure themselves a right of investing their limbs in lawn or ermine. We should not esteem a man for his dress till, by frequent conversation, we discovered a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a *bon-mot* the gold upon his coat would seem foreign to his circumstances. A man should not wear a French dress till he could give an account of the best French authors, and should be versed in Oriental languages before he should presume to wear a diamond.—*Shenstone.*

OUT OF THE SHOW.

[A famous personage at the recent Fêtes of the Emperor in Paris was a performer who enacted the *rôle* of a savage with great fidelity. He was known to everybody. On the Monday after the great Fête day "the Savage," as the people called him, was found drowned in the Seine, and taken to the Morgue, where thousands were attracted to see the spectacle of the dead showman who, it was said, had been driven to suicide by unrequited love; a statement, says a correspondent, which was received with "shouts of laughter."]

I.

Make way, Messieurs, make way!
And let the ladies see
The Savage there—in all the fair
The greatest mystery.

II.

Look at him with his club,
And war-paint on his chest:
You can but choose to pay five sous
(Although you miss the rest)

III.

To see him with his face
As black as winter night—
His arms and breast in hair all drest;
A truly Christian sight!

IV.

With a scarlet-feather crown,
In tunic white and red,
And on his arm a glitt'ring charm,
Enclasp'd with golden thread.

V.

Devouring tiny fish—
A gudgeon, roach, or dace;
And then his dance! throughout all France
You'll ne'er his equal trace.

VI.

Swinging his heavy club,
The *can-can* dances he;
Not at Mabille or Closerie
May you such antics see.

VII.

This is the showman's world,
The booth in the Champs de Mars;
And none are by to hear him sigh,
Except yon twinkling star;

VIII.

Or to hear his whisper'd prayer
To the heavens bright above—
You'd never think this mime could drink
At the fount of fickle love.

* * * *

IX.

Again the summer sun
Shines on the City white,
And on the Seine it glints again,
As the moon did yesternight!

X.

There's something new to-day
At the Dead House to be seen—
No tawdry drab laid on the slab;
But peep the glass between.

XI.

"Only a common man!"
Yet all the people stare;
The men turn pale, but ev'ry veil
Is rais'd to see him there;

XII.

Lying so wan and still,
The war-paint on his face,
All red and white; a gruesome sight—
May Heaven send him grace!

XIII.

The women laugh and jeer
That one so low as he
Should die of love—great God above
Such things should ever be!

* * * *

XIV.

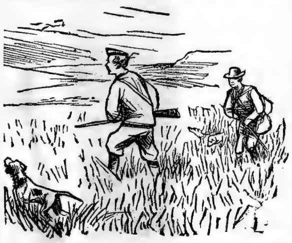
Comes darkling night once more.
The moon illumes the dead
As the sun had shone two days before
On the Showman's crownèd head.
If you linger now you may witness how
The Angels tend the Dead!

EDWARD LEGGE.

FATAL THUNDERSTORMS IN YORKSHIRE.—Since last week the weather has continued cold, and although we cannot say we have altogether escaped thunder, and lightning, we have not had anything so alarming as what happened on Sunday and Monday further north. On Sunday night, Thomas Hardaker, 21 years old, cloth weaver, of Pudsey, and his sweetheart, Emma Carrick, 22 years of age, daughter of Henry Carrick, basket maker, of Stanningley, near Bradford, were walking in a footpath through the fields, between Farsley and Stanningley, when they were struck by the electric fluid, and their dead bodies were found by James Walker, cloth weaver, Farsley, about half-past ten the same night, laid across the footpath. There has been extraordinary weather in East Yorkshire. On Monday harvest work was suspended in consequence of heavy thunderstorms, with hail and rain on the previous night. Barley, where not cut, has been considerably "headed." A deluge of rain fell in places, notably at Scarborough, and at Barugh Hill 40 sheep were killed by lightning. On the moors hailstones of great size fell. For two hours—eight to ten p.m.—the heavens were a constant blaze.

THE SHOOTING SEASON.

The shooting season has opened with splendid weather. The moors have been almost more than usually attractive, and grouse plentiful. Our contemporaries the *Field* and *Land and Water* have teemed with reports of extraordinary bags. Sportsmen who had confined themselves to anticipations of partridge-shooting in the Midlands were put into a considerable state of alarm by the exceedingly hot weather of last week. Happily, "the first" opened with a pleasant breeze; and, so far as the weather is concerned, sportsmen have all that they could possibly desire. Birds are not so numerous as was expected. The coveys are generally small, but we have reports of excellent sport from various parts of the district. During the last few years the game lists have shown a considerable increase in the number of licenses issued to persons residing in towns. We regard this as evidence of the most satisfactory character that a love for sporting and for other out-door pastimes is spreading amongst those whose business duties preclude them from living in the country. We are glad that this is so; for it is only by joining in these truly English sports that townsfolk can "rub off the rust" which accumulates over-work.



SIGN YOUR NAME PLAINLY.

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September calls attention to the execrable signatures and names which are too often met with, and denounces as "silly pedantry" the habit which many persons indulge in, of writing their names so that no one can decipher them: What a silly pedantry that is that induces some little people to sign their names so that no one can decipher them. If anything that a man puts upon paper ought to be bold and unmistakeable, it is his signature. The habit of signing with a hieroglyph sprang up with people in high places—no credit to them—and those in lower places contracted it, aping their betters as usual, and thereby honouring the character derived from their Darwinian progenitors. Scores of letters from conspicuous nobodies come under my eye, wound up with conglomerations of dashes and flourishes, that, supposing them to be excusable as the signs-manual of bishops and first lords, are absurd as the superscriptions of Littleworth, clerk in an assurance office, or Fribble, a small parish curate. The culminating point of inconsistency is reached when the name is written so vilely that the writer has to enclose his card to tell you what it really is. Often the body of a letter thus signed is legible enough, showing that the correspondent has learnt to write properly, and that his scrawly signature is a mere affectation. It may be said that the hieroglyph prevents forgery; but this is a bad argument, for the more complicated a writing, the easier can it be imitated: far more difficult is it to counterfeit a simple hand which bears, as all simple hands do bear, a character peculiar to him who wrote it. The habit is quite unpardonable.

A Georgia paper states that a habit prevails in the region lying on the waters of Pumpkin Creek, notorious for its chills and fever, of handing around upon a salver, at dinner parties, with the desert, a box of quinine pills, of which the guests partake. To refuse would be a breach of etiquette.

The Indian papers state that the money-order system is about to be established between England and India. Its introduction will probably date from the beginning of next year.

Thursday week, being the anniversary of the birthday of the lamented Prince Consort, the tenants of the Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates met at the Prince's Obelisk, Balmoral, and drank to his memory. Prince Leopold and Prince Christian were present. The Prince of Wales, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Teesdale arrived at Balmoral to visit the Queen on the same day.

A New Zealand paper says that several specimens of Taranaki steel have been taken to England, smelted from the Taranaki steel sand, which is said to contain 75 per cent. pure steel. Samples of both crude and manufactured have been sent.

Burns's pew, once in St. Michael's, Dumfries, and bearing "R. B." cut by his hand in an idle hour and under weary sermonizing, has been put up for auction. As the bidding did not reach £5 the pew was bought in!

There was "a great constitutional gala" in Colwick Park, Nottingham, on Monday. The procession was a very attractive one. First came the band of the Robin Hood Rifles, under the direction of Mr. Leverton. Next followed a break and pair of horses, containing members of the committee. The Sax Tuba Band followed; then came gentlemen on horseback, succeeded by M. Quaglieni's troop of equestrian and gymnastic *artistes*. The Albion Brass Band next came, and was succeeded by a great number of carriages and conveyances of all descriptions. Probably no better site for a gathering of the people of Nottingham could have been selected than Colwick Park, which was kindly placed at the disposal of the committee by J. C. Musters, Esq. A convenient distance from the town, abundant space, agreeable scenery, &c., all combined to make the place very suitable indeed for the gathering. There were 30,000 people present.

BIRMINGHAM AND MIDLAND TRADE.

The reaction which manifested itself in various departments of our local trade a short time ago has during the past week been further developed. From nearly all quarters the reports are far more favourable than they were at the commencement of the summer, and, although a good many of the skilled operatives are not working full time, it is tolerably certain that the leading branches of industry are in a more satisfactory condition than they have been for a very considerable period. As might have been predicted, the lull which has succeeded the long-continued commotion in the political world has proved highly favourable to the development of trade generally; and it is thought that although comparative quietude may characterise certain businesses during the coming winter, the spring months will bring with them a brisk demand for hardware and other goods. The reports from the agricultural districts are still encouraging; in all the principal wheat-growing quarters the grain has been safely housed, and hence the markets of the various towns in the Midlands, and elsewhere, have been better attended, and enquiries for different sorts of articles manufactured in this neighbourhood have become somewhat numerous. Country dealers, as a rule, are beginning to speculate with rather more spirit and freedom, and as they have for some time past been keeping their stocks down as much as possible, it is considered more than probable that the demand from the quarters in question will impart fresh impetus to certain important branches of local industry for some time to come.

With some of the foreign markets there is still quite an average business doing. The merchants continue to give out orders on account of the Australian markets, and there is every reason to believe that transactions with the Antipodes will be upon an extensive scale throughout the winter. The South American trade is distinguished by considerable animation, and the shipments of goods to the Northern States are very considerable. With the East Indies business is progressing very favourably. The demand for goods manufactured in this quarter and suited to the great markets of our Indian Empire has for a considerable period been spiritedly maintained, and, happily, is likely to be so for some months to come. Advices lately received from Mexico are more satisfactory than they were during the summer, and enquiries for various commodities for that quarter have of late helped to bring about the improvement which, slight though it may be in some departments, is nevertheless marked and unmistakeable. The reports touching the Continental trade are tolerably favourable, although there is not much doing just now with either France, Spain or Italy. Still the various markets of each of these countries continue to absorb vast quantities of English manufactured goods, and the demand, combined with that for Russia, Prussia and the Levant, assists in keeping several of our principal manufacturers pretty well engaged.

In particularising the principal departments of the town trade we may say that among the edge-tool manufacturers there is a steady business doing. The hollow-ware moulders are for the most part fairly employed; the wire-drawers report more favourably; at the rolling mills the machinery is in operation throughout the week; the tin-plate workers do not complain; the steel pen manufacturers have a goodly number of orders still before them; and the lamp and chandelier makers are doing rather more than they were during the past month.

The Wolverhampton manufacturers have of late experienced a more brisk demand for both the home and foreign markets. The principal lock makers keep their hands well employed, and in other branches there is rather more doing. The staple branches of Willenhall, Darlaston, and Bilston are not marked by much activity, but some little improvement is perceptible nevertheless.

At Manchester quietude still characterises the staple industries, although some slight reaction occurred a few days ago. With India shirtings there has been but little doing for some time, and for printing cloths, long cloths, T cloths and domestics the demand is still languid. Several of the largest of the mills are running short time, and it does not seem likely that any important change will take place just at present, although some fresh impetus may be felt when harvest operations have been finally brought to a close.

The reports from Sheffield touching certain branches of trade are upon the whole rather more cheering than they have of late been. With saws and edge tools there is a good deal doing, on account of continental markets. For the heavy trades generally there is a steady demand, but enquiries for table cutlery and Britannia and silver-plate ware are not numerous.

At Leicester the staplers have advanced their quotations, and still the demand for wool is steady. The worsted spinners are not busy, but there is nevertheless more doing than there was a month ago. The demand for lambs wool is rather languid just at present, but some of the firms are doing a fair amount of business; prices of lambs yarns are tolerably firm. The demand for fancy and striped hosiery is pretty brisk, but the cotton hosiery trade and the elastic web business are depressed. In the home market there is, however, rather more doing. The boot and shoe trade is better than it was. In the price of materials no change has as yet been reported. In the staple manufactures of Wittingham no appreciable alteration has lately taken place. The majority of the artisans are pretty fairly engaged, and manufacturers have a goodly number of orders to go on with. In the Cleveland district the iron trade and other businesses are steadily progressing.

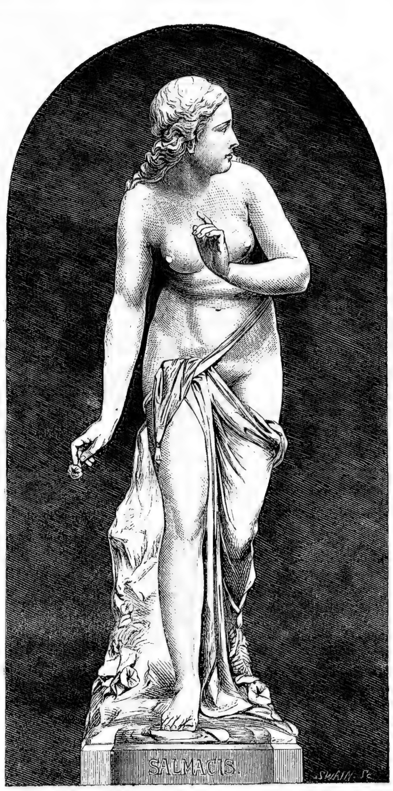
IRON RAILWAY TRAINS.

The recent melancholy accidents that have taken place owing to collisions on our railways have had the effect of directing attention to the construction of the carriages, in which a great deal of wood is used. The *Ironmonger*, a monthly publication, suggests the desirability of constructing trains wholly of iron.

They might be so constructed of this material as certainly to offer greater power of resistance in case of collision, and this without materially augmenting their weight, whilst the dange from fire would be almost *nil*. With strong frames and properly braced, the sides might be covered with comparatively thin sheets of iron. Railway companies cannot certainly be expected, in view of the large immediate outlay that would be involved in an entire change of rolling stock, to carry out at once our suggestion; but we would strongly advise a gradual transformation, as there is no doubt that iron cars would be more lasting, and in the end more economical. The public cannot have too ample guarantees against danger from collision and flame in railway travelling. Sparks from the locomotive or a wrongly adjusted lamp are in themselves sufficient to set fire to a carriage, and so peril life. Should railway companies neglect this suggestion, the public have at least the means of appealing to legislative interference, but we would rather trust to their own self-interest. Many of our large iron manufacturers would do well to give this subject their attention, and in many cases, we are satisfied, neither time nor money would be lost in submitting models of iron carriages to the executive boards of our leading railway companies.

THE QUEEN AT THE TROSSACHS.

Her Majesty and the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, since they arrived at the Scottish Trossachs, have made daily visits amongst the picturesque scenery in that romantic district. On Friday the Royal party visited Rob Roy's grave at Balqerhidden; and on Saturday the Queen and the Princesses, accompanied by Lady Churchill and Colonel Ponsonby, went to Loch Lomond. The Royal party left Invertrossachs about nine o'clock in the morning, and after a short and pleasant drive reached Loch Katrine. Here a special steamer was in waiting to convey Her Majesty to Stronachlachar, near the other end of the lake. Arrived at this Highland hamlet the Royal party again entered carriages, and proceeded to Inversnaid, on the east shore of Loch Lomond, and about five miles from its northern extremity. Her Majesty and the Princesses, with their attendants, at once went on board the Prince Consort, an elegant saloon steamer which had been chartered for the occasion. The Royal party sailed down the east side of Loch Lomond, in the direction of Balloch, as far as Inch Murrin, the most distant of a group of charming islets which lend great beauty to the lake. Turning at this point, the steamer proceeded up to the head of Loch Lomond, this time keeping close to the western shore, and afterwards steamed again for Inversnaid, whence Her Majesty and the Princesses returned to Invertrossachs by the same route which had been followed in the morning. The Queen took the most lively interest in the scenery, and during a considerable portion of the sail her Majesty and the Princess Louise were engaged in making sketches. At the various landing stages spectators had assembled, but as it was evident that the Royal party were desirous of privacy and quiet anything like demonstrative welcome was avoided.



"SALMACIS."

Those of our readers who have visited the Royal Academy this year, will remember the work of Mr. Brock, which we engrave in this week's number of THE ILLUSTRATED MIDLAND NEWS.

The sculptor has interpreted all the grace and beauty of Ovid's conception, and avoided anything that is gross or sensual in it.

"A nymph with every blooming beauty crowned,"

Mr. Brock has depicted her in her first transports of joy at beholding "the lovely son of Hérmes."

The pose is easy and graceful in the highest degree. Maidenly timidity is exquisitely blended with ardent curiosity in the beautiful marble picture.

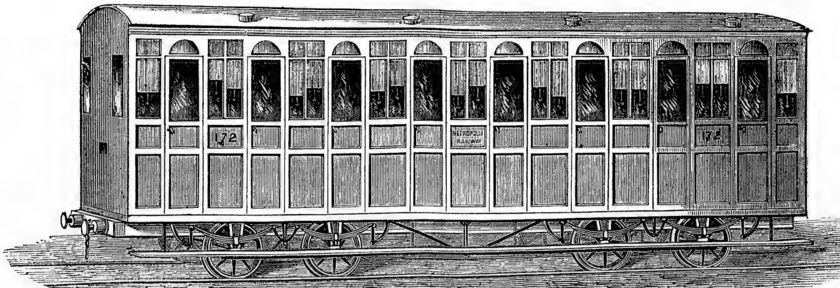
It has afforded us peculiar pleasure to engrave this work, not only as an example of English art, but as an example of the triumph of genius and perseverance. Mr. Brock, the sculptor, is quite a young man, and the son of a Worcester tradesman. He was apprenticed when a boy to Mr. Binns, the art Manager of the Worcester Porcelain Works. Such marked abilities were shown by the youth in modelling that he was eventually placed in the studio of Mr. Foley, the eminent sculptor, of London; and "Salmacis," one of the best works in the Academy this year, is his first important achievement.

The Worcester Porcelain Company have just produced Mr. Brock's figure as a statuette. They call it "A Bather." It embodies all the characteristics of the original; it is produced in statuary porcelain; and is amongst the most notable productions of the Worcester house.

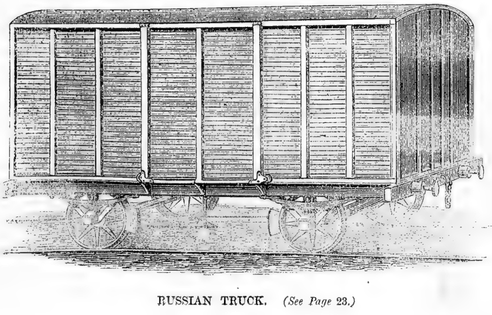
THE MURDER OF MISS TINNE.

The details of Miss Tinne's death are published this week. The party, escorted by an Arab, El Hadj Ahmed Bu Selah, sent by El Hadj Ikhenoukhen, the chief of the Touaregs, who was waiting at Taharat to escort her himself thence to Ghat, fell in with a party of six Arabs and eight Touaregs, headed by El Hadj Esscheikh Bou Beker, another Touareg chief, who disputed the right of escort, alleging that he had been ordered by El Hadj Ikenoukhen to conduct her to Taharat. Ultimately the two parties agreed to go on together. Miss Tinne had seen El Hadj Esscheikh Bou Beker about a fortnight previously at Mourzouk, and he had received presents from her. The following evening, Sunday, August 1, the six Arabs and eight Touaregs pretended to dispute among themselves as to who should carry the palanquin of Miss Tinne. The Touaregs were armed with lances and sabres. The Arabs, on the pretence of defending themselves, seized the arms of Miss Tinne's servants, which were lying on the ground while the camels were being loaded. Miss Tinne and two Dutch sailors advanced to separate the combatants. One of the sailors, named Ootsmans, was immediately run through by a Touareg with a lance, which also wounded a negro who was behind him. Miss Tinne was stretching out her right arm in a commanding attitude when a Touareg struck off her hand with a sabre, and an Arab shot her in the breast, causing instant death. The other sailor, Jacobsi, who had rushed to her help, was then shot dead by an Arab. All the other servants, consisting of Arabs and negroes, were allowed to escape, except a young negress, named Jasmina, who was carried off by the Touaregs. It appears that Miss Tinne purposed making a tour in the Touareg territory, while awaiting supplies and fresh camels from Tripoli, and intended to return to Mourzouk, to start thence to Bournou. She had met at Mourzouk Dr. Nachtingall, a Prussian traveller, who was charged with presents from the King of Prussia to the King of Bournou, and who had left on a short journey eastwards to the country of the Tibous, also intending to return to Mourzouk for supplies before proceeding to Bournou by the annual caravan some time in November next. The account does not give the date of the murder.

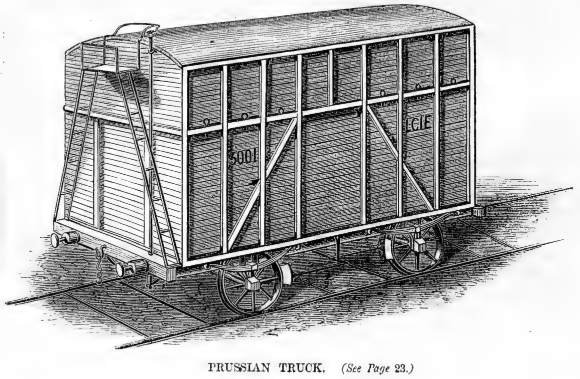
The Scotch oyster fishing has commenced at Newhaven. On Wednesday there were ten boats out dredging, which returned with a total catch of 1,400, or an average of 140 per boat. On Thursday there were 12 boats engaged in the fishing, and these returned with no fewer than 3,200 oysters, or an average of about 266 per boat. The average price on Wednesday was 8s. 6d. per hundred. On Thursday they were sold at 7s., 10s. 6d., and even as high as 13s. per hundred.



METROPOLITAN RAILWAY CARRIAGE. *(See Page 23.)*



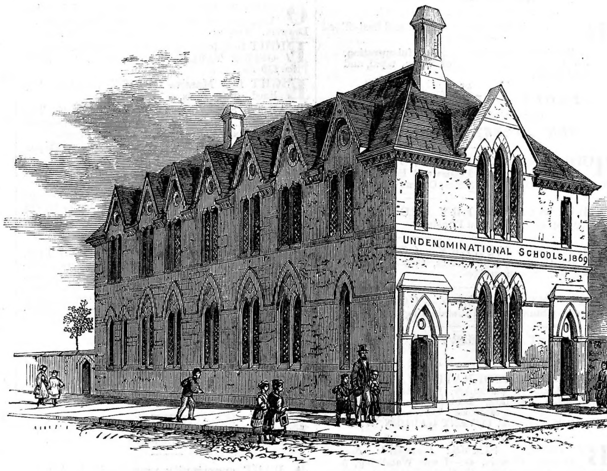
RUSSIAN TRUCK. *(See Page 23.)*



PRUSSIAN TRUCK. *(See Page 23.)*

HOW "COLLEEN BAWN" ORIGINATED.

When Mr. Boucicault presented his play called "The Colleen Bawn" to the public, and his charming wife made us all weep by her pourtrayal of Eily O'Connor, everybody was too much excited to enquire into the history of the piece. When attention was drawn to it again, it was found to be taken from a story called "The Collegians," written by Mr. Gerald Griffin; and now we read in a New York contemporary *(Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper)* the following version of it:—"The story is a fact, and not only a fact, but the trial of the hero, and the whole melancholy event, was given by Curran in the *New Monthly Magazine*, just after it happened, in a much finer style than in 'The Collegians.' The hero was a Mr. Scanlan, a dissipated young man in the county of Limerick his family are what the peasants call 'small gentry.' His uncle, Mr. Scanlan, was high sheriff last year; Curran said the uncle's *sangfroid* and indifference were frightful; he shrugged his shoulders, tucked his napkin under his chin," said 'it was a bad business,' and called for soup. In this, one may discern the same temperament as in the nephew, the murderer. The fair, frail girl whom this Munster Lothario had seduced, robbed her uncle of eighty pounds at his suggestion—satiety and avarice were his motives to marry her. She had given him forty pounds; he wanted the rest, and to get rid of her. When he had sent her off in the boat with his servant, who was first to shoot and then to fling her into the Shannon, he lurked about the shore waiting his return. To his dismay, he saw the party row back—she all smiles and fondness, extending her arms to him. The servant, taking him aside, said, 'I cannot kill her! Sure, when I had the pistol raised, she turned round with her innocent face, and smiled so in mine; I could not hurt a hair of her head, the craythur.' Scanlan took him to a public house, primed him with whisky, gave him a fresh bribe, and sent him once more, with his victim, to sail on the Shannon, waited his return on the shore, and saw him come back without her."

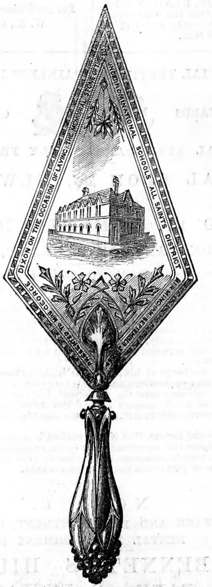


THE UNDENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS, BIRMINGHAM.

UNDENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS AT BIRMINGHAM.

An interesting ceremony took place at Birmingham, on Friday, the 3rd inst., viz., the laying by Mrs. George Dixon (wife of George Dixon, Esq., M.P.) of the memorial stone of what are called the Undenominational Schools. There was a large gathering of all sects, including Mr. Dixon, M.P., the Mayor (H. Holland, Esq.), Mr. J. S. Wright, Mr. George Dawson, M.A., the Revs. C. Clarke, M. Hill, R. Ann, and G. J. Emanuel; Messrs. Rolason, Collings, M. J. Rothcshild, J. C. Stokes, T. Prime, H. Payton, &c.

The site (the corner of Ellen and Pitsford streets) upon which the schools are being built was temporarily covered in for the accommodation of the spectators On the stone was the inscription:—"This memorial stone was laid by Mrs. George Dixon, September 3rd, 1869. W. Rolason, Chairman of Committee; Thomas Prime, Treasurer; Henry Payton, Esq., Hon. Sec." The trowel, a very handsome silver one, designed by Mr. Polti, was presented to Mrs. Dixon by Mr. Prime, and had engraved upon it the elevation of the school building.


PRESENTED TO MRS GEORGE DIXON ON THE OCCASION OF LAYING THE MEMORIAL STONE OF THE UNDENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS ALL SAINTS DISTRICT BIRMINGHAM SEPTEMBER

Mrs. Dixon gracefully "laid" the stone, and Mr. Dawson offered prayer. Mrs. Dixon having been appropriately thanked, Mr. George Dixon responded to the compliment on behalf of his wife; and after hearing one or two speeches, the company left for the Middle-Class School, Frederick street, where luncheon was provided under the presidency of Mr. Rolason. Here several speeches were made, including a characteristic one by Mr. George Dawson, who, in returning thanks for "The Ministers of all Denominations," defended the undenominational system from the imputation of being irreligious, and contended that it was better to give children secular knowledge only than no education at all. Mr. Dawson created some amusement by declaring that if he must be knocked down, he would prefer undergoing that operation by a man who knew Latin rather than by one who was ignorant of that tongue.

As the name implies, children of parents of all denominations will be received at the new schools.

EXTENSIVE FIRE IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Mrs. Knibb's farm, Holmes House, near Fenny Compton, Warwickshire, was on Monday week the scene of a destructive fire, which rapidly consumed nine valuable corn and other ricks. The conflagration took place at mid-day. The farm buildings were completely gutted, the dwelling-house was for some time in danger, and the greater part of the furniture was injured by hasty removal from the premises.

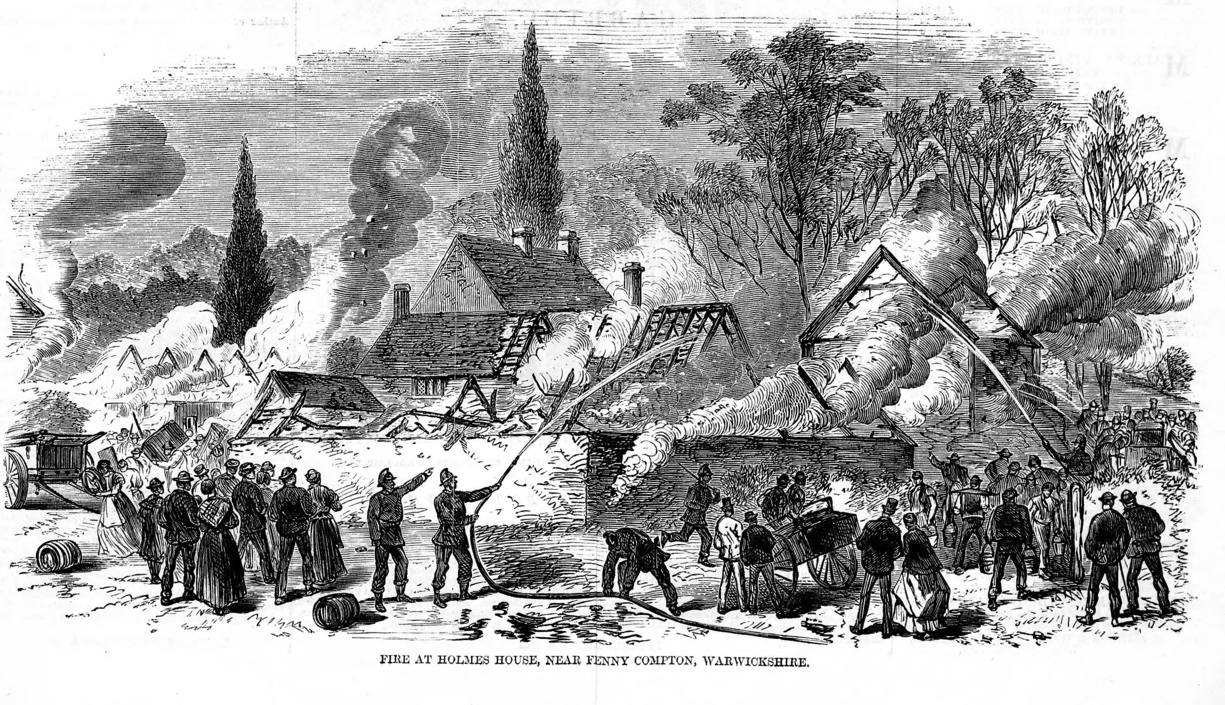
The Volunteer Fire Brigades from Leamington and Southam were speedily in attendance, and did good service in arresting the progress of the flames, although great damage was done before their arrival was possible; the largest ricks being destroyed in the short space of twenty minutes.

Considering the unwise practice persisted in of pitching ricks so closely together, it is surprising that their destruction by fire does not more frequently take place. The damage amounts to about £1000.

Our artist was on the spot shortly after the fire broke out, and has given a faithful representation of the disastrous occurrence.

Social Science Congress.—The arrangements for the forthcoming annual congress of the Social Science Association, to be held at Bristol, from the 29th instant to the 6th of October, are proceeding rapidly and satisfactorily. The list of presidents has been completed. Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart., M.P., will preside over the whole association, and deliver his inaugural address on the first evening of the meeting. G. W. Hastings, Esq., takes the presidency of the Jurisprudence department; J. A. Symonds, Esq., M.D., of Bristol, will take the Health department; the Economy and Trade departments will be presided over by the Right Honourable Stephen Cave, M.P. During the sitting there will be a conference of ladies, interested in correctional, sanitary, and other social subjects, under the able superintendence of Miss Mary Carpenter. A working men's meeting is being organised, and in the evenings soirées are to take place. There will be excursions to Cheddar, Tintern Abbey, and the training ship at the mouth of the river.

Some 500 persons were summoned to Wolverhampton police court on Saturday, for not having paid their poor -rates.



FIRE AT HOLMES HOUSE, NEAR FENNY COMPTON, WARWICKSHIRE.

REGISTER OF BANKRUPTS.

J. Bate, Birmingham, journeyman machinist.
Thomas Frederick Blunson, Dudley, hosier.
William Bonehill, Birmingham, journeyman photographer.
Charles Bradford, Nottingham, machinist.
William Driver, Ibstock, Leicestershire.
Charles Jellyman, Wolverhampton, beerhouse keeper.
James Lowe, Birmingham, auctioneer.
G. Malkin, Stoke-upon-Trent, beerseller.
W. Minshall, Stoke-upon-Trent.
William Shaw, Birmingham, grocer.
John Stacey, Sheffield, cutlery manufacturer.
T. Whitehead, Peterborough, cattle jobber.
E. Whitwell, Wolverhampton, cabinetmaker.
Martin John Cream, Stoke-upon-Trent, doctor.
Benjamin Humphries, King's Norton, late jeweller.
Matthew Leek, Claines, Worcester, builder.
Andrew Mitchell, Bradford, commission agent.
George Spreckley, Newark-upon-Trent, chemist.

PARTNERSHIPS DISSOLVED.

J. Vaun and A. Jewitt, Leicestershire.—George Henry Birch and Daniel Binnall, High street, Westbromwich, teadealers.—William Bishton and Thomas Bishton, Wolverhampton, galvanisers.

MARKETS.

CORN.—Mark Lane, Monday.—The harvest is now nearly completed, and the greater part of the new produce has been secured in excellent condition. The supplies sent forward to the local markets, however, have been scanty, farmers having been unable to commence thrashing to any extent. At the same time a reaction has taken place in the market, and a recovery of 1s. to 2s. per qr. has taken place from the recent heavy fall. Prices were 1s. to 2s. per qr. higher than on Monday last. The market was fairly supplied with foreign wheat. The inquiry was in a healthy state, at an advance in the quotations, compared with this day se'nnight, of from 1s. to 2s. per qr. The show of foreign barley was moderate; of home-grown trifling. Increased firmness was noticed in the flour market, and prices were well maintained. Linseed was quiet, but rapeseed was firm. Agricultural seeds, generally were steady. Cakes were rather dearer. Owing to heavy arrivals at ports of cail, maize was dropping in value. Walsall, Tuesday.—A small attendance; supply of corn short. In consequence of a report that the Liverpool market was down, all business was checked. Wolverhampton, Wednesday.—Attendance fair. Wheat sold at last week's price. Barley, beans, peas, and oats bring late rates. A quiet trade.

CATTLE.—Birmingham Smithfield, Tuesday.—There was an increase in the number of beasts on offer this day, which came to hand in fair condition; the trade steady at about late quotations. The number of sheep and lambs was about the same as on Tuesday last; trade slow at fully late rates. Fat pigs a larger supply, late prices maintained. Beef, 6d. to 7¾d. per lb.; mutton, 6d. to 7½d. per lb.; lamb, 6d. to 7¾d. per lb.; bacon pigs, 11s. to 12s. 3d. per score; porket ditto, 11s. 6d. to 12s. 3d. per score. Wolverhampton, Wednesday.—There was a large supply of all sorts of stock at this day's market, particularly beef, which met a very flat trade; full ½d. per lb. lower. Mutton better sold. Lamb out of season, and cheaper. Beef, 5½d. to 7d. per lb.; wether mutton, 7½d. to 8d. per lb.; ewe ditto, 7d. to 7½d.; lamb, 6½d. to 7½d. per lb.; veal, 6d. to 7½d. per lb.; porket pigs, 11s. 6d. to 12s. 3d. per score; bacon ditto, 10s. 6d. to 12s. 2d. per score.

HOPS.—London, Monday.—The accounts from the plantations are favourable. Picking will be general in about ten days, and the yield will probably be more remunerative than was anticipated. The first pocket of new Sussex hops has been sold at £10 per cwt. The import into London last week consisted of 3 bales from Antwerp, 26 bales from Hamburgh, and 900 bales from New York. Worcester, Saturday.—There is no alteration to report. In this district the hops are maturing rapidly. The recent hot weather considerably improved the quality of the crop, and there is every probability of the growth being equal in colour and quality to any we have had for some years, although the quantity is not estimated at more than one-third of that grown last year. The first lot of Worcester hops of the new growth was on offer. It was sold at £5 18s. per cwt. North Notts, Saturday.—The weather during the past week has been very unfavourable for the hops in this district. On Tuesday the ice was an eighth of an inch thick, and the effect upon the hop grounds was most disastrous. It is not likely that they will recover.

MARRIS'S DRAWING ROOM FURNITURE.

DRAWING ROOM SUITE,	£10	15	0
DRAWING ROOM SUITE,	18	15	0
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MARRIS'S DINING ROOM FURNITURE.

DINING ROOM SUITE,	£13	14	0
DINING ROOM SUITE,	28	10	0
DINING ROOM SUITE,	42	0	0

MARRIS'S DINING TABLES, WITH PATENT SCREW.

8 Feet by 4 Feet,	£6	18	0
10 Feet by 4 Feet 6 In.,	10	18	0
12 Feet by 4 Feet 6 In.,	13	0	0
16 Feet by 4 Feet 6 In.,	16	10	0

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Mr. GABRIEL will be in constant personal attendance from 9 a.m. until 7 p.m., so that only one visit to town will be requisite from Country patients.

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In conclusion, Mr. GABRIEL begs to announce that he has erected Steam Machinery, by means of which his productions have attained a degree of perfection never before realized.

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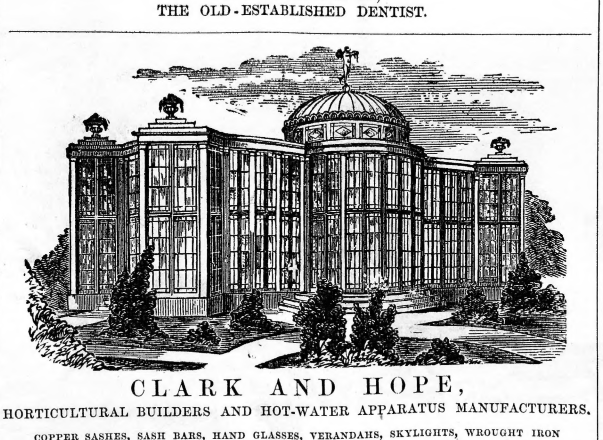

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Earl and Countess of DUDLEY.
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Interior of the Birmingham Market Hall.
The Marriage of Viscount Newport—Reception at Castle Bromwich.
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Daily Telegraph.

"'Christopher Kenrick' is a novel of a decidedly original cast both in matter and manner. It is a clever and lively book, and gives some entertaining pictures of journalistic life."

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"If Noel Stanton and Mr. Mitching were the only distinctive and piquant pieces of portraiture in the work, 'Christopher Kenrick' would deserve respectful notice; but in addition to these worthies, the book contains so many well-executed characters and exhibitions of pleasantry akin to true humour that, notwithstanding its errors of construction, it must be pronounced a success that will contribute to Mr. Hatton's growing popularity."

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"There is never any venom or bitterness in Joseph Hatton's compositions; he is genial and playful, and when he becomes sarcastic or humourous, the reader can see in it the gleam of good nature and the evidence of large and positive genius. Mr. Hatton has all the rare qualities requisite to make a first-class novelist, and he has here put them forth very quietly, but in a way that has enabled him to write a novel, which for its engaging shrewdness and vivacity, reminds us forcibly of 'The Vicar of Wakefield.'"

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London:—Bradbury, Evans & Co.

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SHERRY, pure, sound Wine..................	18s.
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PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN AND ROYAL FAMILY.

MR. H. J. WHITLOCK,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST,
11, *NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.* [50

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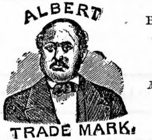

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15 MIDLAND WATCH MANUFACTORY. 15

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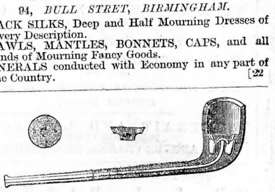

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